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ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoes of shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumber your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Till without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of fingering my soul's wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Bloomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again—
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain—
Slumber soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my sunny eyes from the light—
For with its faint-ey'd shadows once more
Slip will through the sweet visions of yore—
Lo!—softly, softly, my bright bliss sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song—
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream—
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Rome, Italy, May 1860.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

JEALOUSY. THE SECRET LISTENED.

Having become extremely skillful in the management of the infernal machine, the practice of which had cost him so much of his time, the Dane waited for his revenge. Mr. St. Lemoine and Della often spent several days at Government House. The Governor's lady, recently arrived in the colonies, had formed a strong attachment for the beautiful girl. On one of these occasions, Manuel took the opportunity of paying a short visit to Bertrice, and while there he travelled into the interior and purchased fresh woorai poison from the tribes who make it in the greatest perfection.

It is generally known that the woorai poison of South America is the deadliest in the world, and that its preparation is always a mysterious, sometimes a dangerous operation. It is generally made in a hat newly erected, and the Indian who presides must be of some note among his tribe. He is provided with woorai-vine, a bitter root, and two kinds of bulbous plants, containing a green and glutinous juice. To these are added two species of ants, one very large, black, and extremely venomous, the other red, minute, with a ring like a nettle. He then obtains some strong Indian pepper, which grows wild—the fangs of a labarri snake—of all snakes the most poisonous—and those of the connoisseurs, and pounds them together, producing a fine powder. After boiling and straining, a liquor comes that looks exactly like thick coffee. It is then boiled again—the steam being carefully taken off, until it is reduced to a deep, brown-colored syrup.

The shed under which this poison is made is then pronounced polluted, and abandoned forever after; and the making of the woorai is considered a dangerous and gloomy operation.

This horrible decoction it was that Manuel procured. It was the strongest and the most effectual, the Indians said, that they had ever made, and would produce death in man or beast in three seconds.

The Dane seemed now to breathe more freely. He lost the repulsive cast of countenance that was becoming habitual to him, and

even smiled, though scornfully enough, at Lieutenant Warren's jests.

Della came from Government House in high spirits. It had been like a carnival the whole time, dancing, feasting, and flirting. She brought home rich laces, and valuable goods, and two or three dress-makers. Notwithstanding she professed to have enjoyed herself so thoroughly, she grew silent in a day or two, and was more reserved than usual in the presence of Lieutenant Warren, while he, usually so gay, seemed as subdued as herself.

"Are we to have a wedding here?" asked Professor Vance, of Manuel, whom he found lounging in the veranda, one extremely hot summer's day.

"A wedding!" exclaimed the Dane, in consternation.

"So I should judge from the news communicated by Karl Tracy.

He says it is considered a settled thing in town, that Lieutenant Warren and Miss Della are engaged. I thought by the preparations going on here, that the wedding was to come off soon."

Manuel caught his breath, and for a moment his handsome face grew livid, but conquering the wild emotion that sent the blood surging through his heart, he answered that he thought it was only a rumor.

"Oh! something more than that, I am certain," said the professor, with a smile so mournful, that it made his face more fascinating than ever. "As for me," he added, with a sigh, that betrayed more than he wished to be known, "I must not linger here—I must off to the forest, and seek in its solitude and my glorious occupation." He paused, turned away, and for a moment walked rapidly back and forth, stopping a few moments after, and exclaiming, "they are a handsome couple, sir, and I judge"—he lowered his voice—"I hope he is worthy of her."

"He is not," exclaimed Manuel, "his lips tremble with passion, 'never shall he hear her to his bridal chamber.'"

"Take care, my friend—hasty words as well as actions, are repented of at leisure. I read your secret—have long read it; you love this peerless creature—alas! she enslaves all hearts."

Manuel stood as if struck with astonishment; it was impossible to mistake the professor's meaning. Was he, this nobly gifted man, towering so much above ordinary men—was he, too, led captive by the artless beauty of the planter's daughter? Manuel did not want to hate her; he had often said in his heart—"I do not want to hate you; so be careful how you look upon the jewel that I court!" and, before, he had never dreamed of the truth. Now he felt an instinctive rising of dislike, a black envy. It was thus towards all upon whom he feared Della might look with favor. He had cherished his passion, his jealousy, his sensitive and concealed pride, till they had made a monomaniac of him. He turned abruptly away, half struggling with the prejudice that had come over him.

Meanwhile Karl Tracy had declared himself to Della, and been refused. He, seeing how matters stood, stooped to a companionship he had before sneered at. He courted Manuel. He read the strange, undisciplined, savage nature of the jealous Dane, and he fed the fire of his hate with fuel that made the flame leap hotter and fiercer. He told him in confidence, of how many cruel jests he had been made the object—that among the officers in town he was the butt of ridicule.

"Now, my dear fellow, I don't like to tell you this," he said, resting his white glove with a delicate tapping touch on Manuel's shoulder; "egad! I didn't think 'twould make you turn so white, either; but methinks if you heard him laugh over your 'grand passion,' as he chooses to call it, with a sneering laugh, you know—and if you could hear how delicately he turns her pretty phrases into stinging contempt—but hold, sir, hold! You look very thoughtful, on my honor; I hope I have not done injury to your feelings."

"My feelings," hissed Manuel, his lips livid, his eyes glaring, "what are my feelings? Have stones hearts? Have trees tongues? Has the serf a soul? My feelings! oh! prejudice!" and he glared and panted in a terrible way.

"Really, I—I"—stuttered Karl Tracy, alarmed at the tempest he had evoked.

"The hound!" cried Manuel, between his set teeth; "the black, perjured, lying hound! To make me a jest, a by-word among his crew!"

At that moment the object of his hate came



DEATH OF LIEUTENANT WARREN.

riding gaily up the avenue, graceful as a young Adonis; his eyes turned smilingly towards an open window where Della sat. As she saw him, he lifted his plumed hat in white-gloved fingers, and made a low salutation that spoke love and homage—then, turning his head, he observed Manuel, and for the first time seemed startled out of his military composure at sight of a visage that glared unmistakably hatred upon him. In another moment his lip curled to a scornful smile, and giving his horse in keeping of the groom, he hurried to join his betrothed.

He found her alone. Professor Vance had been walking back and forth, a moment before, regarding her with stealthy glances, and she had said to herself, perhaps, "How nobly beautiful he was!" and it might be she chanced once to wish that she had seen and known him before she met Lieutenant Warren. But the wish or regret, if there were either, was but momentary. Another second, and the professor had left the room, to resume his walk and his meditations in his own chamber.

The lovers sat and chatted together in the veranda. The moonlight was so vivid, one might read by its white rays. Not long after, a messenger rode up in hot haste with a letter for the Lieutenant, saying that it came with the government dispatches, and his Excellency, thinking it might be of importance, had sent it to the Everglades. The Lieutenant hurried into the drawing room to read it by the light of an 'astral. It was sealed and edged with black.

Somewhat unnerved, he opened it, but did not notice Manuel, who, absorbed in gloomy meditation, lay stretched, face downward, on one of the lounges, in a niche where it was impossible to recognize him, unless the position of the light were changed.

Della had followed, anxiously, and now stood at the door, perplexed at the changes that passed over the countenance of her lover. There seemed a blending of sorrow and pride in the handsome features, yet the sorrow seemed not genuine, while the triumph or pride was unmistakable.

"Della," he said, turning gravely towards her, his face growing cold, and almost impassive, "I have lost my only brother—Lord Henry Warren. This letter brings the news; also, that my presence is immediately required in England."

"I am sorry for you," said Della, softly; "very sorry."

"He was a good brother, and yet I knew but little about him. He was sixteen when I was born—much too well grown to notice me—and married at twenty, so he has seemed almost a stranger to me. But I am sure my parents are in great trouble; they doted on him."

"And you must really hurry off to England," said Della, her voice unsteady, as she came closer to his side.

"Yes, my love. Do you not see that this loss makes a great difference in my position? you are aware that, as my father's heir to the title and estates, I am no longer plain Charles Warren."

She stood off a little way, breathless.

"I had not thought of that," she murmured, somewhat sadly; "then you are Lord Charles Warren, now?"

"Men will so address me," he replied; "but to you, Della, I am to be, still, only Charles. And, Della,"—he drew her towards him—"I am going to ask a very great favor of you. It is that you let me call you by the sweet name of wife, before I go. I have important reasons for making such a request, so, if your good father consents, will you not say yes?"

"To leave my father! to go to England!" she murmured.

"Nay, dearest, you need not go yet, if you

do not wish. I will not ask so much of you; but I am anxious to say to my parents, 'I have married one every way worthy of your love, and you must prepare to receive her with open arms.' They may have formed some other plans for me, but when they know I am married, of course they will have nothing further to say."

"He had placed his arm around her; he now drew her closer to him, unknowing that two flaming eyes shot stealthily glances from their covert—unknowing that deadly hate was preparing for him something very different from a bridal couch."

Her head lay on his shoulder, and her silence seemed assent. Manuel's frame quivered from head to foot as he saw the man he hated bend towards her lips, and imprint a kiss upon them. He arose slowly as they went from the room, glancing after them like a tiger, and with a stealthy motion, followed, saw them walk forth into the pleasant moonlight, then stole to the chamber, from which he crept a few moments afterward with a guilty step, and a face blanched of all its color.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WOODS.

As Della and the (now) young Lord Warren walked up the glistening avenue, a figure moved warily, concealed by the shade—following them, intent upon a terrible deed. The two approached the mango grove, and there, charmed by the beauty of the night, they paused, looking up to the shining tops of the distant palm trees. His arm encircled her waist, and she leaned trustingly against him.

"You will never love the tamer scenery of old England as you have these beautiful groves," said the young man.

"I was very happy there," replied Della, with some emotion in her voice.

"And you shall be very happy there again, if I can contribute to that blessing," was his response. "My mother, Lady Warren, belongs to the old school of aristocracy, and she loves innocence and beauty better than the punctilious forms of etiquette, and I am sure her heart will lean towards you as to an own child. You will be pleased with our home—an Englishman's castle—capacious, and with some pretensions to elegance in its architecture, though by no means so imposing as your father's mansion. Ah! dearest, how little I thought when I first came here, and to while away my time, instructed your father's secretary—poor Manuel, the Dane—that I should find so lovely a companion to walk hand in hand with me through life. Why did you start so violently, Della? and you look pale; what is the matter?"

"I thought I heard a footstep," said Della, somewhat agitated; "and oh, Charles," she added hurriedly, "there is something on my mind which I must tell you. I would have told you before, but I feared you would laugh at me."

She paused, trembling a little, but her companion reassured her.

"It is—that is this: I am subject to our family, on my mother's side, I have learned, are subject to visitations of a supernatural kind; there I have told you, and the burden is off my mind."

"Well, dearest," he replied, laughing, "is that all? Perhaps I can match your confession—for last night, waking at a singular noise, I fancied I saw an unearthly figure standing near my door, and a hollow voice said—'beware.' Now, I was very anxious, after I had shaken myself, to believe the whole thing was but the effect of a too vivid dream,

but, if it will reconcile you any more to your spiritual company, I am willing to call it a spectral visitation. Indeed, the voice sounded as clear and distinct as mine does at this moment, only it had a slight sepulchral tinge."

"Oh! Charles, you frighten me," cried Della, quite terrified; "what if, through linking my fate with yours, I bring you under the same fearful ban? For worlds I would not! Have you told me all this to reconcile me? It is very foolish and childish of me, I suppose; but it has just the contrary effect. Indeed, I feel as if this very talk were haunted," and she gazed around her with a pale face.

"By good beings, then, my Della, while you are here. Shall I tell you that I am skeptical upon these subjects? I do not believe the spiritual world has ever yet been made visible to mortal eyes, and—I am quite certain—"

A hissing sound issued apparently from the trunks of the huge trees that lined the avenue. It seemed to Della's excited fancy something supernatural.

"Let us hurry from here," she exclaimed, in low, excited tones, and hastening forward a few steps. "Quickly, quickly! my heart is faint with apprehension."

At that moment Lieutenant Warren sprang forward. Della caught his hand; she saw by the moonlight the pallor of his face. "What is it? what has happened?" she cried in extreme terror.

"I—I believe—I am—stung," faltered the young man, his countenance changing.

"Stung? Where? When? How could your hand be? What do you mean, dear Charles?" Her white cheek was pressed against his shoulder.

"I—have no power—to support you—to lift my hand. I am stung—in my neck—some spider—or scorpion—I am faint—I had wine—a little wine! Don't be frightened, Della," he gasped; "it is nothing—only my strength is gone—sleep—sleep—deep sleep," and whispering, his voice slowly and strength exhausted, his words growing to inarticulate murmurs, he fell gradually back against the trunk of the tree.

Della stood for one moment, as if changed into stone; then, with a succession of quick, sharp cries, she flung her arms wildly over her head, and flew along the path toward the house, calling in the most anguished, imploring tones for help.

No sooner had she disappeared than some one emerged from the shadow of the mango grove, approached the dead man, stooped cautiously—apparently removed something from the side of his throat with a wild, hurried motion—muttered a few harsh, vindictive words, and, gliding noiselessly towards the house, entered it unperceived just as the servants, incredulous, rushed for the mango avenue.

Mr. St. Lemoine stood over Della, who had fallen in a fainting fit, and Rose and Kian were endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. By all these unobserved, Manuel crept stealthily up the stairs, gaining his own chamber, where, never again to spend an hour unconscious, he lay down to rest.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANE'S REMOVED.

"Dear lamb!" cried old Kian, her tears falling.

"Hush!—she is coming to," said Mr. St. Lemoine, as Della opened her eyes and moved them languidly from face to face.

The servants having now returned with the body of the Lieutenant, Mr. St. Lemoine beckoned them to bear him into the opposite room, but Della, springing from the couch on which she had lain prostrate, flew from her father's arms and knelt down by the side of the young man, so lately full of life and hope.

"Not dead! father," she cried, lifting her imploring eyes to his face; "oh! not dead. How still he lies! how white his lips are—and his eyes! oh! father—father! it looks like death."

They had sent into town for a physician; he came—saw the body—shook his head—there had been no life for some time, he said, and proceeded to question Della. She recounted tremblingly—her lips pale, her cheeks deathly white—the expression he had used—"I think I am stung!" also the impression he seemed to have that it was a spider or a scorpion.

"If he stood under a tree," said the doctor, "he might have been struck by the concealed or bush-master; but in that case immediate inflammation would have supervened, as it would also if it had been a poisonous spider. It is a very singular case, for most assuredly life is gone, and yet I see nothing on the neck that would indicate a poisonous wound."

Alarmed by the confusion, the professor left his room and hurried below stairs. What was his consternation to see the man he had parted from, so smiling and secure in health, but an hour before, stretched rigid and white, while Della, supported by her father, hung over the body in an agony of sorrow.

"This is dreadful!" he exclaimed.

"Dreadful, indeed, sir," returned the physician—"a case unparalleled in all the extent of my practice. If he had been but slightly indisposed—if any fever had hung about him, I might have been able to come to some satisfactory conclusion, but he appears to have been struck down in perfect health. You will notice that there is not the slightest distortion of feature, as if he had died in pain. Only the muscles appear contracted, as if from extreme physical weakness. Very singular, indeed—very singular. My friend," he added, speaking to Mr. St. Lemoine, "look to your daughter—this scene is too much for her."

"Oh! I don't take me away, father—let me stay with him—at least till they restore him. He cannot be dead, I think," she gasped, gazing with glassy, hopeless eyes toward the doctor—"I think he cannot be dead! Oh! his poor mother!—his mourning family!—two sons—their only ones! Father—you don't think he is dead?"

"Della," whispered Mr. St. Lemoine, "leave our poor friend with the doctor, if indeed there may be life," he added to soothe her, "he can tell by a more careful examination."

They made preparations to carry the body up stairs. The servants affected great horror, and protested so earnestly against touching it that Manuel was sent for. Cowering in his chamber he listened to the knock on his door and the demand of the porter who came up after him.

There was no light in the room, but every object was visible by the rays of the moon. He opened the door, striving in vain to steady his nerves.

"Young Lieutenant Warren, sir—he dead down stairs—massa sent me to come tell you help lift him to the room up stairs, sir."

"Great heaven! dead, did you say?" exclaimed Manuel, his voice shaking. He had been indulging a vague hope that the poison had not taken effect. It was horrible to view himself a murderer.

"Yes, sir, dead as a door-post. Massa said won't you come down directly, sir, help carry the body—can't hire none of us—we's Congee and mighty 'frid to touch anybody that's died mysterious."

"Me—me help carry the body!" exclaimed Manuel, in a low, awe-struck tone, stepping back as he spoke.

"Laws, yes, sir—don't do no harm to white men—make Congee mighty sick, though. Spouse you'll come, sir."

"Tell him I'm not well," said Manuel, in a muffled voice, "say that I have—step; come back here; I'll be down in a minute say—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, and hurried away.

With mingled awe and terror, Manuel prepared to undertake his fearful duty. Swallowing some spirits to fortify himself, and walking back and forth, striving to hide all traces of agitation, he, after a few moments, hurried down the stairs, and entered the room, not with glances of feigned but real horror, though his expressions were counterfeit.

"What does this mean?" he cried, looking from one to the other.

"It means that your prediction came true sooner than you looked for it," said the professor, whose thoughts had been running on Manuel. The latter started, cast a scrutinizing glance on the professor, whose calm, imperturbable face he could not read, while the gaily blood surged over his face.

"I little thought of this," he murmured, controlling himself by a violent effort, "how do they account for it? What could have caused it?"

"That is not yet known," replied the other.

"The physician is confident that he could not have died in a fit, yet there is no wound that a poisonous insect could have given. He complained of being stung in the neck—it is really a mysterious thing—and awful, exceedingly awful! To think—one hour ago he stood in your room, apparently in the full flush of health—but the doctor says there is no doubt of his death—yes, the limbs are already stiffening. We cannot get the negroes to touch the body, so you and I and the doctor will have to carry it up where it can be examined to better advantage. You are quite overcome, are you not?" he added, looking at Manuel; "your hands shake and your cheeks are pallid."

"I—I am truly overcome," muttered Manuel, on whom a sudden terror had fallen as he felt himself in close proximity to the unfortunate Lieutenant, and remembered what lies he had severed, that more hearts than Della's would mourn over this shocking event—and that

Strove on his soul was the stigma of blood-guiltiness.

What emotions were his as he was directed to lift the hand while Professor Vance and the physician took the body; how the flesh, growing too cold, paralyzed his nerves, so that the neck appeared to turn and the face to writher under his touch. And when the body was deposited on the bed—and passing from the room, he heard the low moans and sobs of Della, his knees refused to support him, he tottered and leaned against the wall for support. Everywhere he read his guilt in character of fire. His soul so penetrated with evil that he could calmly dwell upon the intended accomplishment of the atrocious deed, now seemed the shade of accusing fiends who tormented him almost to madness.

"And what, after all, is my gain?" he asked himself, bitterly; "what have I done, save to satisfy this feverish thirst for vengeance? Have I accomplished the purpose for which I have schemed? Strive as I will, am I any nearer to Della St. Lemoine, than I have ever been? Is not the difference in our station just the same as ever?"

But even while these feelings possessed him, a strange hope took root in his heart—a wild, mad hope, that for the time made him oblivious of his remorse.

What he could not gain by direct assault, he might obtain by some other well timed stratagem—and what he wished to gain, was the hand of Della St. Lemoine. At all events—one obstacle was out of the way—Lieutenant Warren could never possess the idol of his soul. As he glided over this thought, there came to his mind the insults, the indignities, the triumphant malice of the man who could never insult or triumph over him again, and he almost gloried in the result of his terrible scheme, while these feelings had possession of him.

CHAPTER XI.

DEARLY WORTHY. THE STORY OF A VISITATION.

The next day came the Governor and his suite, and all the officers from the garrison. People were perplexed with the mystery of the death for which the medical men, after the strictest investigation, could not account. The body of the young nobleman was treated as became his rank; and at the first convenient opportunity conveyed to England, as that would undoubtedly be the wish of his bereaved family.

Della was too ill to attend the services at the house, or even to see the corpse. According to the custom in the colonies of British Guiana, the young lord was placed in a coffin, covered with white silk velvet, and delicately embroiled. The handles and plate were of gold. Flowers were placed in wreaths at the head and foot of the corpse, and his sword, a weapon of exquisite workmanship, lay sheathed upon the coffin.

A great cortege followed the hearse, for the extraordinary circumstances of his death had drawn thither curious as well as sympathizing crowds. Sadly moved that long procession, on that summer's afternoon. The sun was veiled by clouds—slow and solemn the music sounded from the colonial band—and thus instead of the bridal rejoicings anticipated so soon, the heavy pulses of the funeral hearse and the tap of the muffled drum made eye and ear sad. Tidings were sent to England, and in the return letter, came the announcement that Lady Warren had died of grief soon after the receipt of the missive informing her of her son's decease.

For many mournful weeks, Della moved pale and sorrowful about the great house, and, perhaps, because Manuel had once been intimate for a long period of time with her unfortunate lover—she seemed to seek solace in his society. Doubtless he appeared more than ever like a brother, now that in her bereavement she had neither mother nor sister in whose sympathies she could pour out her grief. The professor, taking a hurried leave of the family, had finally started for the interior, accompanied by his guide, and several servants, bearing cases and instruments. It had long been his intention to go up the Kasiquito, and penetrate into the mountains—a tour which might possibly take him six months to accomplish. Perhaps there had been raised sweet and eager hopes in his breast, since the unfortunate calamity so mysterious and so fatal. When he said farewell to Della, Manuel noted that a tenderness came over his whole manner, that even to him seemed irresistibly fascinating, and he breathed more freely when he had gone.

And now Della depended on the Dane for much of her sad recreation. The relation which it was understood she bore toward the deceased for a while kept the house desolate; her grief was respected, though more than one heart beat high with hope. Manuel, therefore, when his father could not, accompanied her in her walks, and she, calling on him momentarily for trifling attentions, unconsciously strengthened his mad passion, which she deemed for ever conquered. She had never known his strength. For hours he would sit near her, a silent worshiper. It mattered not that he knew or could guess whether her thoughts tended. The abstracted vision, the prolonged sigh, were more eloquent than words. Then she would call upon him to play for her. Books were opened where he who lay sleeping had last used them; songs that were marked by his touch and his pencil, silently asked for, and as she sat aside, listening with tear-filled eyes, it was not difficult to make that form before the instrument appear like another. Manuel was tall, and exquisitely graceful when he tried to please. His appearance, when sitting or standing, with his face from her, was very similar to that of the young lieutenant.

But it was hard for Manuel, when at last she began to talk of him—the buried one. Ah! little she knew how every word she said harrowed his very soul; how it brought before him, in damning characters, the accusation of his guilt.

Yet all that, and more, he could have borne, rather than she should be silent. Every little uncomplimentary action of hers, every sweetly opening glance or request, lent strengthened the worship of his soul; and he dared to hope that he was not unattractive to her. Would she so long on his arm, would she look for

him—only him—if she only felt the common impulse of friendship!

He did not reflect upon her solitary fate; how she yearned for and needed companionship. The Governor's niece had gone on a visit to England; so had several of the families of the colony, including that of Mr. Manderville.

Della could not make confidants of Rose or Kian. Good, honest hearts they had, but they were not cultivated; they were not, like Manuel, refined by study and association with superior minds. Della did repose the utmost confidence in Manuel. She had known him since her childhood. He was a good, honest, high-minded, intelligent brother, in her sight—nothing more. Perhaps had she not been so absorbed with her own sorrow, she might have read aright the eloquent language of the Dane's eyes; might have seen his eager hope in the flushing of his cheek, the suppressed sigh, the heaving chest; the quick, glad step that ushered him into her presence; but, alas for her, she was blind to all this.

Meanwhile his passion was growing beyond his control. Oh! to hear a word of something more than mere regard from her he would almost have died. To see her eye brighten at his approach with a light warmer than friendship given, would have been bliss overpowering. His remorse for the past was for the time obliterated by his keen hope, his torturing anxiety.

They were talking of the professor one day, having just heard from him by an Indian, who had brought a letter to Mr. St. Lemoine. It was drawing toward evening. The Barbadian doves were preparing for sleep in their silver cages. Lupinus lay stretched out upon a splendid rug at Della's feet, and the clustering, star-like flowers on the vines sent a delicious perfume through the latticed veranda where Della and Manuel sat together.

Just opposite hung golden oranges within the hand's reach; without, vistas of green, variegated by splendidly brilliant colors and glorious tints of every shade, spread before them a view of enchanting loveliness. Within might be seen the gleaming of statues, the Orient-like richness of costly pictures, the flashing of gilded frames, the swaying of dainty lace, while the voice of the fountains in the court, dreamy and melodious, lent its magical influence to the scene.

"Did you know," said Della, softly, "how much you resemble Professor Vance?"

"I resemble him?" exclaimed Manuel, a keen delight making his eye luminous—"oh, no! he is very handsome!"

"True, but you must be aware that you are not ill looking," was the artless reply.

Another flash of pleasure irradiated the Dane's features.

"And there is a similarity in your fortunes—or fate, as poor old Kian would say. His parents were lost at sea in a storm—wrecked on a coral-reef, near one of the islands in this vicinity—when he was ten years old, but he found kind friends who adopted him and reared him as their own."

"While I was reared a mendicant," exclaimed Manuel, bitterly. "There the parallel ceases!"

"Manuel," said Della, warmly, surprised at his sudden passion, "you almost take away my breath with your savage roars. You know nobody here thinks of you or considers you as a mendicant. You are a kind friend—my father's right hand, as he sometimes calls you. What if your earlier days were passed among associates you do not like to recall? You were a poor, fatherless little child, who could do nothing for yourself. He satisfied that you have now found your right position—that you are respected and loved."

"Loved!" he cried, low and eagerly, his heart leaping, his eyes shining, while, as if to restrain a sudden impulse to fall at her feet, he moved his chair, hastily, farther away.

"Yes, Manuel, respected and loved. My father looks upon you almost in the light of a son—I in that of a brother."

"And that is all," he exclaimed, springing up, folding his arms tightly over his chest to keep down his laboring impulses, while he walked to and fro, taking short, nervous steps, but so passionately that the very boards trembled under his tread. "Oh! Della, most painfully I feel what I am, what is my destiny. Alone, without family or name—without standing or profession, without friends such as I crave, without fortune, yet consumed by a hopeless, an undying attachment, which is at the same time my blessing and my curse—Della, I wish to heaven the waves in that fatal moment of storm had swallowed me up."

"You are pale, excited—in trouble," said Della, with sweet womanly sympathy, "what is it, Manuel? Confide in me. I assure you, you may with perfect confidence, for since I have known sorrow I have learned how to pity."

"Della—Della—it is not pity I want; you will drive me mad," cried the Dane, pausing, showing a face whitened, showing lips locked together in a firm pressure, and eyes full of woe.

"I drive you mad?" asked Della, softly, half fearful, "you are not yourself; I don't understand you to-night, Manuel."

"Della, I am driven to it; do not blame me—do not leave me, but hear my confession—I must tell you if your father strike me dead for it. For ten years my soul has borne your image. The first time I saw you in that wretched place you called home, young as I was, a sudden, wondrous passion filled my whole being. I loved you purely as a child—I have loved you every moment since. Oh, Della, there is not something I can do to prove how well I love you? If you will but say you do or may feel the least regard for me—the least warmth of friendship that may deepen into love, there is nothing I will not aspire to that I may make myself worthy of you. I will study, I will travel; I will in some manner win a name and a fortune—only give me no matter for what period, something to hope for. You will—oh! you will! Never, never can you be loved more fervently by any human heart than by mine. Only give me some little token that I may hope for you in the future, and I would willingly die for you. Della—don't despise—don't refuse me!" (To be continued.)

A man-hater invites the public to come and see his terrible wire fence.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are \$3 a year, if paid in advance. If not paid in advance, THE POST will be sent to the subscriber for three months, and the balance must be paid in advance. For \$4, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:

One Copy, and seven Engravings of Niagara Falls.	\$3.00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine.	5.00
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Persons sending to BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepare the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscription to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion. The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address: HENRY PETERSON, No. 125 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. C. Mrs. Wood's stories have never been published in book form. The principal of them will be found published in THE POST during the last three years, credited to "Hester Halliwell," and the author of "The Red Court Farm." The "Red Court Farm" was published, we think, in the summer of 1857.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

The Methodist Conference now in session at Buffalo, N. Y., has resolved that the marriage relation can only be dissolved by a violation of the seventh commandment or by death, and that a subsequent marriage by either party, while both are living, is contrary to the teachings of the Holy Scriptures.

As this question of Divorce is now being widely agitated, we may be allowed to suggest a few points, which appear to be generally overlooked, for the consideration of the many who are interested in it.

1. One point of very great practical importance, but which does not seem to have occurred to any of the disputants so far—at least to none whose writings have come before our notice—is this:—That it does not necessarily follow that because a thing is right, or commanded by the Scripture, that the Law of the Land should enforce it.

For instance, one of the Commandments says, "Honor thy Father and thy Mother." But legislators do not consider it expedient to enforce the observance of that commandment by Law, as Moses did, especially in cases where the children are over twenty-one years of age. A man may refuse to honor his father or his mother—he may even speak harshly and slightly to them—and yet the Law has no penalties for such a case, had as it is.

Again, another of the Commandments says, "Thou shalt not covet." And yet we make no law against coveting. A man may covet his neighbor's wife, his ox, his ass, his man servant, his maid servant, his real estate, his bank stock, and everything else that is his neighbor's; he may not only admit but proclaim aloud that he does covet them—and yet the Law of the Land has no punishment for him.

But we will not multiply cases. Human laws are not made with the design of punishing every violation of the moral law. Where such a violation injures mainly only the guilty party himself, and society only indirectly—or where the gain from punishing the offense, would seem to be more than counterbalanced by the too great restriction of the liberty of the individual which it would involve—the Law remains silent, and leaves the offending person to the moral and other natural penalties of his crime.

For we all will see upon reflection, that if the Law should attempt too much, it would fail entirely. There must be allowed a certain amount of Free Agency even in evil things. Where the influence of Law—which represents Physical Restraint—ceases, there still have room to operate all the powerful influences of Public Opinion, of Morality and of Religion. Society says, in fact:—To a certain extent I must restrain offenders, even by Physical Force, for my own peace and security—beyond that I leave them to the more mighty and enduring influences of the Spiritual world.

2. It must be remembered that while Truth is always Truth, and Right, is always Right, in the highest sense—that the making of Laws for a people, is a very practical business. Laws must accord with the moral and intellectual condition of a people—for it is the people themselves who are to enforce them—and therefore, if they do not so accord, they will not be enforced. If you make your laws so good that they will not be observed, you might as well make no laws at all—and, further, you miss doing the good which less pretensions but better adapted regulations would do. Young scholars must first be taught the elements, young disciples must first be fed on milk and not on strong meat, and communities, in proportion as they are inclined to evil, should have laws just as good as they will enforce, and not a whit better. For instance, as to this very question of

Divorce, the Saviour told his disciples, according to St. Matthew:—

"Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts, suffered you to put away your wives: but from the beginning it was so."

Thus, it will be seen that "in the beginning," when men were pure, no such liberty of divorce had obtained; but when Moses, a Lawgiver sent by God, came to give laws for the Jews, he, seeing "the hardness of their hearts" in this respect, gave them leave "to give a writ of divorcement," and put their wives away. Now, to judge the wisdom of this law of Moses, we should have to know and consider what the customs of the Jews were in this respect, at the time his law was given. Doubtless, he did the best he could—probably regulating what before had been entirely unregulated. For instance, if the Jewish husband should divorce a wife, who "found no favor in his eyes," and she should marry another, the first husband could not take her again to wife, even after the death of the second. And, again, in the case of seduction, the man not only was bound to marry the maiden, (paying besides fifty silver shekels to her father,) but was not allowed to "put her away all his days;" as the forced marriage, without this proviso, might have been undone very speedily by a "bill of divorcement."

3. We have thus shown that in this question of Divorce, as in other questions, the position of the Lawgiver is somewhat different from that of the Moralist or of the Church. Moses, doubtless, had his own opinion of the abstract rightfulness of his laws which recognized polygamy, and allowed divorce, as a general thing, at the pleasure of the husband—to use the Scriptural phrase, he "suffered" them. But he knew, also, that fallen human nature could not be expected to rise at once to the moral height of perfect manhood, standing firm and erect in the image of God. And we, in our turn, should remember, that after we have settled satisfactorily to our own minds what Christianity requires of its disciples in relation to this question of Divorce, we have not settled the question of what the laws of the land should enact upon in this respect.

The oft quoted language of our Saviour in reference to this matter, should receive attentive consideration—lest we overlook some of its meaning. After He had laid down the well-known Christian Law of Divorce:—

"His disciples say unto him, If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry."

"But He said unto them, All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given."

*** He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Now, as it seems to us, the high Christian code of ethics relative to Divorce, is embodied in the action of the Methodist Conference, quoted as the text of this article. But, as every one knows, the laws of nearly every State in the Union allow divorce for a number of other causes besides the single scriptural one of Infidelity. Desertion for a certain number of years, habitual intemperance, conviction for certain penal offences, and other things, are among the causes for which divorces are allowed.

And why? Because the State, while it forbids no one to govern himself by the very highest moral law, does not consider itself bound to enforce the very highest rules of conduct. The free agency of the individual must not be too greatly restricted. No real and genuine good would result from it. In France and many other European countries it is very difficult to obtain a divorce—but what cannot be done legally, is done illegally—and the marriage relation in those countries is, to say the least, no more faithfully observed than in the United States. For men and women are not to be made or kept good by mere force of law; and it is often wise to regulate what we cannot prevent.

As to the question whether our present laws respecting Divorce should be amended, either in one direction or the other, it is a subject that we do not design to touch. Our object has been merely to call attention to certain general principles which seemed to be in danger of not being noticed in the heat of the controversy, and which, when noticed, may perhaps tend to abate some of the warmth in question.

It is about time that Congressional sponsors had their proper places assigned them, and that journalists, who are, in reality, the great masters of public opinion and popular movements, took their places in the affairs of the Government. They have been content, heretofore, to do all the work, and allow their puppets to reap all the rewards of their labor.—N. Y. Courier.

It is not a little curious, that political journalists so often are willing to play "second fiddle" to senators and representatives far inferior to themselves. They take a man of not very uncommon ability, for instance, and puff him up with their editorial praises until the people begin to think him a "little god"—and until he himself begins to be half of the same opinion. Now suppose an "able editor" should just take a speech of one of these great men, and publish the manuscript precisely as it is sent to him, with all its errors of spelling, punctuation and grammar upon its head—devoting, moreover, a leader or two to an illustration of the errors and defects of the said speech—where would the reputation of the great man be? In nine cases out of ten, if we are not mistaken, our great Congressional Speakers would expire under such a process.

Or, let the reporters of the press, report all extemporaneous speeches exactly as delivered, where would the same great orators be seen? Coming out of the little end of a very small horn, we opine—in spite of all their "greatness."

A few lessons of this kind to these self-thought leaders and founders of parties, would open their eyes a little—and do them good, by taking some of the conceit out of them. They would begin to understand then somewhat more correctly their true value—and learn that the men that made them, could unmake them just as easily. There are journals in this country that exercise more influence over the people than any half dozen of the so-called "great statesmen,"—and yet these latter often seem to think that the editors of such journals were created only to minister to their

personal ambition—ambition which is a virtue in them, and does not involve any sacrifice of high principle, but which, in their view, is almost a crime in an editor! If our brethren of the political press submit much longer to such treatment, they should obtain brass collars as badges of their servitude, and inscribe upon them the name of some leader or another, for whom they merely exist to do the barking.

THE CENSUS.

Have our readers any idea of the number of questions which the Act of Congress relative to the Census, requires the Marshals and their Assistants to obtain answers to? Here are a portion of them:—

In the first place it is necessary to write down the name of every person whose usual place of abode on the first day of June, 1860, was in the family.

The age of each, sex and color, whether white, black or mulatto.

Profession, occupation, or trade of each male person over fifteen years of age.

Value of real estate owned.

Place of birth, naming the State, Territory, or country.

Married within the year.

Attended school within the year.

Persons over twenty years of age that cannot read or write.

Whether deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiotic, pauper or convict.

Name of owner, agent or manager of the farm.

Number of improved acres.

Cash value of farm.

Value of farming implements and machinery.

Live stock on hand June 1st, 1860:—Number of horses, mules, and asses, working oxen, milch cows, and other cattle, swine, and sheep.

Value of live stock.

Value of animals slaughtered during the year.

Products during the year ending June 1st, 1860, viz.:—Number of bushels of wheat, rye, Indian corn, oats, beans and peas, buckwheat, barley, Irish potatoes, sweet potatoes; pounds of wool and pounds of tobacco.

Value of ore land products in dollars.

Gallons of wine, value or produce of market gardens, pounds of butter, pounds of cheese, tons of hay, bushels of cloverseed and timothy, of grass seed, pounds of hops, pounds of flax, bushels of flaxseed, pounds of maple sugar, gallons of molasses, pounds of honey and beeswax, value of home-made manufactures.

Name of corporation, company, or individual producing articles to the annual value of \$500.

Name of business, manufacture or product.

Capital invested in real estate and personal estate in the business.

Raw materials used, including fuel, namely: quantities, kinds, values, kind of motive power, machinery, structure, or resource.

Average number of hands employed, namely: male, female. Average monthly cost of male labor, average monthly cost of female labor.

Annual product, namely: quantities, kinds, values.

Name of every person who died during the year ending June 1st, 1860, whose usual place of abode was in the family, the age, sex, and color, whether white, black, or mulatto, married or widowed, place of birth, naming the State, Territory, or country, the month in which the person died, profession, occupation, or trade, disease or cause of death.

That is a pretty fair lot to begin with, but we are told that, like the razor-strop man, Uncle Sam's agents have "a few more left," answers to which can be given "with very little trouble." Among these latter, probably, are the following, which we find in one of our exchanges:—

Are you married, and if so, how do you like it?

Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?

Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?

Have you parents, and if so, how many of them?

Do you read the New Testament regularly?

What is your fighting weight?

What do you like best for light reading—"The Gunmaker of Moscow," by Cobb, or the President's last Message, by J. B. F.

How many times has your wife "wished she was dead," and did you reciprocate the sentiment?

What is the average of virtue in your neighborhood?

Wouldn't you feel insulted if your funeral procession didn't go faster than a Lombard street omnibus does?

Do you use boughen tobacco?

Are you aware that Toledo whiskey is used in shooting-galleries in preference to pistols, and that it shoots farther?

Were you and your wife worth anything when married, and if so, what proportion of her things were your'n and your things her'n?

Were you ever in the Penitentiary?

How many empty bottles have you in the house?

How does your Meerschaum color?

Are beans an article of regular diet in your family, and if so, how does it go?

State whether you are blind, deaf, idiotic, or have the heaves.

How many chickens do you own, and are they on foot, or in the shell? Also, how many succulenta?

Is there a strawberry mark on your left arm?

Which food do you prefer—rum, or mixed drinks?

State how much pork, impending crisis, Dutch cheese, popular sovereignty, standard poetry, slave code, catnip, red flannel, Constitution and Union, old junk, perfumery, coal, oil, liberty, hoop-skirts, &c., you have on hand.

In order to avoid delay, our readers would do well to cut out at least the first of the above lists, and employ their evenings for the next month in endeavoring to cipher out the answers. As for the result of all these questions—the sum total of Uncle Sam's gratified curiosity—it will be worth Sam's a great many respects exactly what certain of the results of the last Census were worth, and that is, just nothing at all. There is an old maxim which says "Figures do not lie;" there is a new maxim, of which we claim to be the author, which is much truer, and which says, "Nothing lies like figures." Census returns, when they attempt too close an investigation of matters in which pecuniary interests are involved, afford one striking instance of the truth of this new maxim. We have not a particle of doubt that a great deal of the information obtained by the census-takers will be merely a distant approximation to the truth, and a great deal more a palpable exaggeration of the facts. Too much is attempted—questions are asked for the public use which even private friendship would not be likely to obtain a correct answer to—and individuals are expected to furnish information as to their pecuniary affairs, which they would be very much pleased to have themselves. We think our legislators reckon entirely too largely upon the methodical exactness, the patient industry, the love of figures, and the general unselfishness of the community.

RECENT LUNAR DISCOVERIES.

It is only very recently that the capital notion so persistently maintained by certain astronomers, of the utterly lifeless waste of the moon's surface, has been exploded. The way this idea got prevalence was in denying the existence of an atmosphere around the moon, a state of things that would of necessity exclude the existence of water and organic life from our satellite. This theory led to the further denial of heat in the lunar rays, from which flowed a multitude of errors.

But Knox and Melvin have proved by exact observations, that there is heat in moonshine, and Zantedeschi has measured it in its effects upon the mimosa, while an English scholar has demonstrated that the earth is colder in the first quarter of the moon than it is in the second. Again, moonshine exerts a wonderful influence on plants. Light enables them to absorb carbon from the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere, and as this is their daily work, they sleep at night, except when the moonlight wakes them up, and sets them to work again. So the farmer is right who sows the seed just before the full of the moon, for the plants come up about the time of the new moon, and pass their infancy under the dark night, but when the full moon comes its light sets them to work, and thus the process of growing is continued night and day, while a contrary course is injurious to the tender plant which requires sleep.

The sailors say that the moon eats up the clouds, and Whewell and Quetelet have proved the truth of the observation, by showing that more rain falls in the dark moon than in its second and third quarters.

Webb has shown by a careful comparison of the present appearance of the moon's surface with that made by Maedler twenty years ago that it has undergone great changes. Several of the minor craters have assumed different shapes. These changes indicate the existence of air and water. Schell has demonstrated that the peaks of the highest mountains of the moon are covered with snow. De la Rive has discovered that what used to be regarded as barren plains, are extensive forests. Schwabe, the discoverer of the periodic times of the sun's spots, sustains this discovery of De la Rive's. After a careful examination, he found furrows to consist of trees, leafless at one season, and in full foliage at another, for the changes in their appearance are periodic. Hence another proof of atmosphere and water and all the phenomena incident to the existence of the elements.

The photography of the moon's surface, now going on in the American and European observatories, and the special attention paid to the study of the lunar surface by some of the most distinguished astronomers of the day, cannot fail to result in more wonderful discoveries than these which we just noticed. We have no doubt, the mass of matter of which the moon is made will be found to be of the same character as that of the earth, and subject to similar laws of existence, and that the surface will be found to be capable of sustaining organic life.—Baltimore Patriot.

"Vat's de matter, vat's de matter?" exclaimed an old Dutch friend of ours, as he tucked up his apron and ran out of his shop to know the meaning of a crowd in his neighborhood. "Vat's de matter?" "There's a man killed," replied a bystander. "Oh, is that all?" said our friend, evidently disappointed; "lah dat all? shoot a man kilt! hump, I thought it was a fight."

YES!

BY GOODWYN BARNBY

Love-like meek and smiling,
Eyes deep in her bosom,
Lovely looked she, so smiling,
Breathed she low that soft, sweet "Yes!"
And that little word once spoken,
Though so softly reached the sky,
Was a vow could not be broken,
Filled the heart and opened the eye.

Oh, the pure and peaceful vision
From the magic of that word,
Oh, the meek and smiling vision,
How the warm heart's strings were stirred!
She had given all her being—
All her light and love to him,
Oh, the charm of ever seeing
Her so true in outline dim!

Oh, the joy to have and hold her,
Oh, the generous heart and true,
Thus to let his fond arms fold her,
Oh, the bosom were brightly blue!
And beneath them, as on highland,
Spread a happy scene before,
As enchanted from the skyland
By a sweet angelic's love!

Stood a cottage by the meadows,
Such as might a manna well be
Sheltered by a greenwood's shadows,
From the sun's glare and the sea's lee,
She was there—her own true lady,
Biding there by all sweet arts,
Bringing sunshine, making shady,
Ruling all, the queen of hearts!

Little children played before her,
Sweet-eyed girl and brave-browed boy,
Tidily they should be adored her,
Thoroughly they should be her joy,
They should have sweetest communion
Underneath the summer leaves,
Through the water-falls' reunion,
Brightest morn and fairest eve!

Many a sweet and touching story
They together should once tell,
Many a legend of old glory,
Many a work of modern skill,
Many a field path to the village,
On love's errands they should walk,
Many an hour spent in mind's tillage,
Many an hour in pleasant talk!

Holy love and right endeavor,
Solemn thought and deed of love,
Should employ their moments ever,
Living earth's dull life above,
Sharing life in love together,
Journeying onward to the skies,
Living spring in winter weather,
Summer ever in her eyes!

Hence amid the grassy wildwood,
Country charms and happy stone joy,
Happy without, gladness childhood,
Sweet-eyed girl and brave-browed boy,
Such the peaceful lovely vision,
Which his spirit came to bless,
As on its meek and smiling vision,
Breathed she low that soft, sweet "Yes!"

THE INVENTION OF THE HARMONICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKE
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

On a gloomy November afternoon, in the third story of a plain house in the city of London, a cheerful fire sparkled on the hearth of the prettiest corner room one can imagine. It seemed to laugh in the face of the surly winter, who threw handfuls of ice and snow flakes at the windows, raging and howling like an imprisoned bear. The twilight had already begun to wrap the immense city in a gray veil; only the dome of St. Paul's and the giant form of the Tower struggled with the coming darkness, and rose above the clouds that sought to envelope them. The lanterns were alight in the streets, and fought their usual battle with daylight. The corner room was already half in shadow, and the firelight danced up and down the walls, ran over the floor, played on the ceiling, and while doing these expeditions, it touched alternately the faces and forms of four persons who had assembled there. The most remarkable figure in the little group was that of a man who sat close to the fireplace in an arm chair, with his head resting against its back. He was dressed in black, and wore no wig, although such was the fashion of the time, but simply his own thick gray hair, combed smoothly from his temples. And what his temples, what a forehead! One could not imagine a human face with a handsomer brow; the dome of a great soul were inscribed upon it, and two clear and intelligent eyes stood beneath as interpreters of those dreams. Who that regarded this head would care to notice whether the features were fine, or that the mouth, with its fascinating smile, was regularly formed? His form was not remarkable, but every movement was firm and noble. And his name? Benjamin Franklin! the friend of mankind, the honest American citizen, the renowned scholar. Scientific business had brought him from Philadelphia at the end of the year 1762, to London, where he intended to remain some months. His first visit had been to his respected relative, the excellent Mistress Davies, who had resided in the great capital of the world, in a very retired manner, with her two talented daughters, Mary and Cecilia, ever since the death of her husband. Franklin scarcely remembered the young girls, whom he had only once seen, when they were very young children; and was not a little astonished when two grown up, charming maids of 18 and 19 approached to greet him with all the cordiality of relations. The lively Cecilia clasped him round the neck; her elder sister Mary simply gave him her hand, trembling and blushing as she did so. They could scarcely believe that the great man, on whose renown their mother had fed them, so to speak, really stood before them. Scarcely a day had passed without some conversation between them about him. The glory that surrounded

the name of him whom heaven had placed nearer to them than to any others, was as sunshine to the little family. The extraordinary pre-eminence of this intellect, the true nobility of his soul, was nowhere more deeply and inwardly recognized, than in the third story of the simple London house. Every event in the life of Franklin was related to her daughters by Mistress Davies; all the doings of the great man seemed unimpeachable to the three women. His first love for the beautiful Miss Wells, his separation and after union with her, who had in the meanwhile become the wife of another, had a great attraction for the young girls. Mary could not understand how a maiden, who had been loved by such a man, could give her heart to another; while Cecilia remarked very correctly, that Franklin, while courting the charming Miss Wells, was not the renowned Franklin.

"Oh, had I only been Miss Wells!" sighed Mary, whenupon her sister answered, a little sharply, "How can you wish to be old and ugly, and no longer able to sing?" "Oh, to be loved by him, I would give every thing, even my voice!" "Children, cease your nonsensical chatter!" With those words Mistress Davies interrupted the conversation. "Our distinguished relative is now old and married, and when you see him, neither of you will dream of falling in love with him."

Among those rare and varied species of woman's love, which no scholar has yet thought of reducing to a system, there is one of more common growth, certainly, than the marvellous flower of world-distant passion, but yet touching and attractive in its nature. It is the secret, enthusiastic tenderness, that, with its finger on its lip, follows in the track of distinguished men. At the foot of lofty palm-trees, and strong oaks, this modest flower unfolds its chaste leaves, desiring nothing more than a position. It is nourished by the sunshine that falls on the head of the tree; her fine roots becoming gradually entwined with his; she feels and suffers with him, although he is not aware of it; and when he dies—she must die with him. But no one, standing in awe beside the overthrown oak, mourns for the violet, crushed by its fall. It would not be difficult to point out the existence of such lovely bloom, in the lives of all great men. Mary Davies was one of the loveliest among them. The news that Franklin was really coming to England, and would remain some months in London, naturally aroused a perfect storm of delight in the Davies' house.

"We must sing to him, often sing to him," cried Cecilia, "so that he may see that there is also something to admire in us!" And the charming maiden was right; her singing, and that of Mary, was worthy of admiration; attention had been drawn to the sisters, even in the great city of London, by the rare union of uncommon musical talent and enchanting beauty, with childlike unconsciousness and modesty. The names of the sisters Davies, sufficed to fill any concert room.

At length came the time, when he, the long desired, renowned guest, was really with them, and when he sat with them almost every evening, in the little corner room we described at the commencement of our story. Mistress Davies, a stately, kind-hearted dame, tripped restlessly hither and thither, drew back a chair here, smoothed a table-cloth there, pushed forward a vase, moved from window to fire-place, and said, twenty times, half aloud, "It is almost dark!" She was one of those busy natures that cannot understand the sweet enchantment of the dreamy twilight hour, and she never permitted this dangerous indulgence to her daughters. Since the arrival of their distinguished relative, her patience had been severely tried, for Franklin had a particular fancy for the twilight hour. The girls talked in an under tone at the window. Cecilia sat on a stool at her sister's feet, her pretty arms resting on the other's knees. The rosy face was turned upwards, her thick black curls fell back from her round cheeks, over her well-turned shoulders. She chattered, questioned, and laughed, as a girl of eighteen will chatter, talk, and laugh, but Mary listened absently to the pretty nonsense; her eyes were fixed on Franklin's noble face. Mary was a true daughter of old England; a wonderfully lovely creature, with waving golden hair, and a dazzlingly brilliant complexion, all red and white. In her slow movements, in her slender form, in the slight bend of her head towards the left side, lay an indescribable charm; in the slow uplifting of her black eyelashes, in the finely contracted corners of her delicate mouth, an observing eye would have detected the signs of a too-sensitive heart.

"You must sing something for me to-day, my dear girl," said Franklin; "and let it be in the twilight; music has never so sweet, so powerful an effect as then." The sisters rose; Mary opened the piano that stood at a little distance from the window, and Cecilia pushed the stool towards her. The slender fingers of the eldest sister ran swiftly over the black, rattling keys, that never sounded so harp-like, however, as when Mary played. She accompanied her sister's singing. Cecilia's voice was one of astonishing richness and flexibility; a fine soprano. She sang an aria by Handel, with great finish. If voices could be compared to colors, then Cecilia's voice was a sparkling, heavenly blue. The room was two small for the sounds that streamed from this young breast. When she had ended, Franklin turned cheerfully to Mistress Davies, and said,—"Now, is it still dark here, Fanny? I bathe in light!"

Afterwards, Cecilia said tenderly to her sister, "Come, Mary, sing us one of your old ballads; no grand aria to-night, but one of the little Scottish songs, that no one in the world can sing so well as you!" And Mary, turning her head once more towards Franklin, shook back her curls, struck a few melancholy chords, and sang in a wonderful, deeply sorrowful tone, an old English song of farewell—

"Then fare thee well, my own dear love!" In his arm-chair, Franklin bent over his folded hands; the young girl's voice penetrated his inmost heart. He felt himself carried back to the days of his childhood; the voice

of his mother fell on his ear; pictures of childhood floated by like shadows of clouds. As the tones grew softer, sorrow overcame him; a rain, endless longing, the longing for his lost youth. At this moment he would have given up everything, name and fame, for the bloom of a youth of twenty. Then he might have pointed to the tears that streamed down his cheeks, and of which the elderly man was almost ashamed. There was something overpoweringly touching in Mary's voice. It trembled out and vibrated like moonbeams on a silent lake, and its peculiar, veiled quality had an indescribable charm. Franklin struggled with his emotion; for his powerful nature was also a delicately organized one. As Mary ended her simple and mournful song, he rose to approach her; striking his forehead suddenly against the mantel piece, the skin was broken, and a few drops of blood ran down his left temple. This unforeseen accident greatly excited the little family. Cecilia called for a light, Mistress Davies hurried to assist Franklin, who, under the effects of emotion, and the sudden pain, had almost fainted; but poor Mary stood helpless in the middle of the room. When the servant girl entered with a branch candlestick, and she heard her mother say, "Come and help me, Hannah," and then run for Doctor S.—"!" she cast a look of regret towards Franklin, and silently left the room. She ran down stairs, opened the street door, and stood in the snow-covered street. The icy north wind, that blew over her burning cheeks and played with her hair, thrilled her one moment with a cold shudder; then she hurried forward, pursued by the thought—"He may die! my voice will have been the cause of it!" And then she hated her own voice. Like a shadow she glided past the house; and now only two streets lay between her and the dwelling of their old friend and physician. There was a sudden noise in a little side street; she did not observe it. A crowd of young men leaped forth; the flame of a lantern fell on her lovely pale face; frightened, she drew back into the shadow, but in vain; they surrounded and addressed all sorts of insulting remarks to her. Collecting all her strength, she said with a firm voice, while her heart beat audibly: "For God's sake, let me go! I was fetching the doctor for a dying person. Doctor S.— lives not twenty paces from here." Her death pale face, her anxious eyes, the tone of her voice, bore so plainly the impress of truth that her tormentors involuntarily drew back. Like a roe pursued by the hunters, she reached the doctor's house, rushed into the old gentleman's study, and with the cry, "Franklin is dying," she fell fainting before him.

Benjamin Franklin had long recovered from what he laughingly called "his little nervous attack;" while the dark angel of death still lingered by Mary's bed. That evening walk, and the strong excitement of the occasion, had brought a severe illness upon the delicate young girl, from which she very slowly recovered. When at last, to the great joy of her mother and sister, she was well enough to sit up, and supported on the arms of her revered friend, she ventured to walk a few steps once more—when she saw his kind and serious face, she blushed in her heart the unfortunate evening that brought her a joy she had not known before—the joy of being cared for by him. Poor Mary! she had as yet no idea what that evening had taken away. A few weeks later she discovered, with unexpressed sorrow, with a grief that almost overpowered her, that she had lost her voice. Doctor S.— was the only one who was not surprised at the consequence of that imprudent evening walk. "This, which you call a misfortune, is scarcely worth talking about," said he; "Mary's life was in question!" He could not understand what made the women weep so despairingly, for Mary's mother and sister grieved scarcely less than herself. Ah! he who possesses not the heavenly gift of song can never fully understand what a source of pure joy, of sweet comfort it is, or how the heart finds in it all which else it must ever long for in vain! He who can sing sings every joy more deeply into his soul, and finds a lullaby for even the bitterest woe. A thousand sweet secrets float to the surface of song; in its tones the heart trembles, weeps, rejoices, discourses of warmest love and longing—and no one dare complain or punish it then.

When, after every possible endeavor to recall the lost treasure, Mary Davies saw that it was indeed gone forever; she did not certainly sink into a hopeless melancholy, but she faded, slowly and silently, like a flower deprived of sunshine. Her artistic piano playing no longer gave her any joy. "It only makes me feel what I have lost, more deeply!" said she, and would only play to accompany her sister. At first she wept whenever Cecilia sang; but she grew more tranquil at last, or at least appeared so. She wished to convince her revered friend of a resignation that, in spite of every effort, she did not feel. But Franklin was not deceived. He put off his return to Philadelphia from month to month, and came as usual, almost every evening, to the Davies' house. Only he seemed growing thoughtful and absent-minded, and scarcely joined in the conversation that Mistress Davies and Cecilia addressed to him. He would not hear music; and so the little piano remained closed while he was there. But when Mary spoke to him, with her soft, broken voice, he would kindly reply; even when she only moved he would glance towards her, no matter how deeply sunk in thought he might appear. He followed her with his eyes; no sigh, no secret tear, no shadow of pain floating over her brow, escaped him. But he felt nothing about Mary's loss.

So week after week slipped by; summer prepared for departure; the first leaves began to fall. One evening Benjamin Franklin came later than usual to the little corner room. Mother and daughters sat round the small table; Cecilia was reading, Mistress Davies working, Mary dreaming. She looked with surprise on their visitor; an unspeakable happiness brightened his eyes, and overflowed her heart, as she met his glance, with a warm feeling of joy. He stepped up to her, and took her hand. "Dear, dear Mary," said he softly, "you lost for my sake, your sweet voice, whose tones I shall never forget; to-day I bring you an indemnification for it; you shall sing again, although not with your lips; stay here patiently, while I step into the next room, and listen attentively to the tones that will reach you." Expectantly, and almost trembling, the women crowded together; the door of the adjoining room remained half open. A short pause—then flowed rippled tones of the sweetest nature over the ears and hearts of the listeners—tones so sweet, so soft, so touching a quality, that neither flute, nor harp, nor any instrument with which the women were acquainted, could be compared to it. They were sounds belonging to another sphere, tones of a transfigured human voice, an angelic song, that it was almost impossible to hear without tears. The listeners felt pleasure and sorrow at the same time; their hearts were almost melted within them. And as the wondrous music swelled more loudly they all recognized the bitter-sweet melody of the old English song, the last that Mary sang—

"Then fare thee well, my own dear love!" And then they thought they really heard Mary's voice; that rich, soul-full, heart-melting voice, now dead forever. The women sobbed aloud, and Mary, no longer able to contain herself, flew with a long cry of painful rapture, into the adjoining room. Franklin sat before a strange instrument, placed on a cylinder that rested on a pedestal. To this cylinder, half globes of glass, of regularly graduated dimensions, were attached, in such a manner, that the edge of each half-globe rested above the next one. Franklin placed his finger tips on the rims of the glasses, and, setting the cylinder in motion by a movement of his foot, the magical tones were produced. "It was thus you sang, Mary!" cried he, to the surprised and excited maiden. "And now, come and let me teach you to sing again; and when you sing on this, my soul will sing with you. I have found your voice for you again!"

It was the lovely Mary Davies, who afterwards astonished the world with this wonderful new invention of the renowned Franklin. The Harmonica, he called it. By means of an untiring perseverance, she attained unheard-of dexterity on this extraordinary instrument. When she had bidden farewell to her worshipful friend—a personal farewell, only, for her soul was in his hands—when Franklin returned to America, she travelled; first to France, and then through Germany, and was heard in most of the large cities as a harmonica player. No one has played it like her, since; her whole soul poured through her slender fingers, when she touched the glasses. She was so beautiful in those moments, so carried away by enthusiasm, so sparkling with secret delight, that those who looked and listened, were seized with a sympathetic rapture. Many could not bear the tones; ladies fainted, or burst into tears; but crowds attended the short concerts of the pretty Englishwoman, and regarded them as festivals. When Mary's mother died, and her sister Cecilia began to make a noise in Italy as a distinguished songstress, she returned to London, and then discovered that this second voice had injured her health far more than it was possible for the first to injure it. Alone, separated from those who were dearest to her, Mary saw the days come and go, without hope, but also without complaint. She was even cheerful; for she could still sing on her instrument; and—his soul sung with her! And this voice, which she had received from him, remained still young and wondrously fine, even when Mary's curls had turned white, and the hard hand of time had disfigured her blooming face. But whether she sought to waft those exquisite tones which she allured from her beloved harmonica every evening? Who could tell?

The physicians were astonished that this fragile life still held out; they could not understand what sustained it, they had foretold Mary's death for years. Surely there was some power on earth impossible to withstand, that retained this soul firmly in its shattered covering. It was the 27th of April, 1790, when Mary desired them to lead her once more to the harmonica; with a happy smile she touched the glasses; the melody of the song—

"Then fare thee well, my own dear love!" sounded beneath her still beautiful hands. Suddenly she arose, listened, leaned back, and—ceased to breathe. The thread of her feeble existence was broken. At the same moment, but far from that silent chamber of death, across the wide ocean, the angel of death bore aloft a great strong soul; the soul of Benjamin Franklin.

When First the Bells Proclaimed Their Nine.
When first the bells proclaimed their nine, love,
And we had breathed the sacred vow,
How bright were those dear eyes of thine, love!
And fair the tresses on thy brow,
Thy step was light as falling blossom,
Thine angel form almost divine.
Thy voice was music to my soul,
When first the bells proclaimed their nine.

Long years of change have passed away, love,
Since first the bells proclaimed their nine,
The locks upon thy brow are gray, love,
And dim are now those eyes of thine.
But though thy every charm may wither,
Like flowers that bloom but to decay,
Still heart to heart we'll cling together,
Till we have loved our lives away.

WORKS, THINGS TO BE AFRAID OF!—So said "one of the most pure and lofty men of genius modern Italy has produced," Leopardi, who (the Christian Examiner tells us,) "uniting deformity and fragility of person with deep sensibility and profound insight—condemned both to feel all the attractions and to read all the mysteries of female character—has left on record, in the midst of his high speculations, learned theories, and grand verse, the plainest confession that the union of beauty and artifice in his experience of the sex was such a moral incongruity, that fear was the prevailing emotion they woke in his noble soul."

"I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!" roared a bad singer. "You're not," cried a musical punster in company, "you would be on the C if you sang in tune; but you're on the B flat, confound you!"

A STREET SWEEPER'S STORY.

A London paper tells the following story, which has an air of reality, but is almost too singular for belief:—

The late Mr. Simcox, of Harbourside, near Birmingham, was on one occasion in London, when he was obliged, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain, to take shelter under an archway. The rain continued for a long time with unabated violence, and he was consequently obliged to remain in his place of shelter, although beginning to suffer from his prolonged exposure to the damp and cold atmosphere. Under these circumstances, he was agreeably surprised when the door of a handsome house opposite was opened, and a footman, in a splendid livery, with an umbrella, approached with his master's compliments, and that he had observed the gentleman standing so long under the archway that he feared he might take cold, and would therefore be glad if he would come and take shelter in his house—an invitation which Mr. Simcox gladly accepted.

He was ushered into a handsomely furnished dining room, where the master of the house was sitting, and received from him a kindly welcome. Scarcely, however, had Mr. Simcox sat down at the table, when he was struck with a vague remembrance of having seen him before, but where, or in what circumstances, he found himself unable to call to mind. The gentleman soon engaged in interesting and animated conversation, which was carried on with increasing mutual respect and confidence; while all the time this remembrance kept constantly recurring to Mr. Simcox, whose inquiring glance at last betrayed to his host what was passing in his mind.

"You seem, sir," said he, "to look at me as though you had seen me before."

Mr. Simcox acknowledged that his host was right in his conjectures, but confessed his entire inability to recall the occasion.

"You are right, sir," replied the old gentleman; "and if you will pledge me your word as a man of honor not to disclose to any one that which I am now going to tell you, until you have seen the notice of my death in the London papers, I have no objection to remind you where and how you have seen me. In St. James' Park, near Spring Gardens, you may pass every day a man who sweeps a crossing there, and whose begging is attended by the strange peculiarity, that whatever be the amount of the alms bestowed on him, he will retain only a half-penny, and will scrupulously return to the donor all the rest. Such an unusual proceeding naturally excites the curiosity of those who hear of it; and any one who has himself made the experiment, when he happens to be walking by with a friend, is almost sure to say to him, 'Do you see that old fellow there? He is the strangest beggar you ever saw in your life. If you give him sixpence, he will be sure to give you five-pence half-penny back again.' Of course, his friend makes the experiment, which turns out as predicted; and as crowds of people are continually passing, there are numbers of persons every day who make the same trial; and thus the old man gets many a half-penny from the curiosity of the passers-by, in addition to what he obtains from their compassion."

"I, sir," continued the old gentleman, "am that beggar. Many years ago, I first hit upon that expedient for the relief of my then pressing necessities; for I was at that time utterly destitute, but finding the scheme beyond my expectations, I was induced to carry it on, until I had at last, with the aid of profitable investments, realized a handsome fortune, enabling me to live in the comfort in which you find me at this day. And now, sir, such is the force of habit, that although I am no longer under any necessity of continuing the plan, I find myself unable to give it up; and accordingly, every morning I leave my home, apparently for business purposes, and go to a room where I put on my old beggar's clothes, and continue sweeping my crossing in the park, till a certain hour in the afternoon, when I go back to my room, resume my usual dress, and return home in time for dinner as you see me this day."

Mr. Simcox scrupulously fulfilled his pledge; but having seen in the London papers the announcement of the beggar's death, he then communicated this strange story to a friend.

SMART CHILDREN.

A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight. It is too often the death warrant, such as the condemnably stupid looks at—fatal, yet beyond his comprehension. What should a child three years old—may, five or six years old—be taught? Strong meats for strong digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes. We would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children; tell them pleasant stories; if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-door plays, solid them not inwardly. There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures, by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and begets a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes.

Let children have free, open-air sport, and fear not though they make acquaintance with the pigs, the donkeys, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with wiser-looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them, which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you would make them wise. Above all things make them loving, and then, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at four knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go.

He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the life of both, and is as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope.—*Dark.*

A GOOD CHESS ANECDOTE.

We will prevail by saying that this most noble and intellectual of all games is fast becoming popularized throughout the whole length and breadth of the United States. On every hand we hear of a great and growing interest being taken in it by the votaries. Clubs are springing up, like Jonah's Gourd, all over the country. In obscure and distant places we are daily learning of the existence of chess circles, numbering in their midst some "old Trojan"—an emigrant from the Em opian club. A traveller in our Western wilds would be "picked up" often, and where he least expected it, if he set himself up as an Achilles at the game.

We have an amusing story, in point, told of our friend Dr. Raphael, of Louisville, Ky., (one of the prize bearers in the American Chess Congress,) growing out of an assumption of this kind. He was travelling on the upper Mississippi, when he observed the passengers absorbed over a chess board. Of course he looked over the game. At its close, the victor gazed around, like Alexander or Morphy, in quest of new worlds to conquer. As the stranger had already vanquished some half dozen competitors, he began to "feel his oats," and asked the Doctor to play, remarking, at the same time, that he—the stranger—was an excellent player, and unless the Doctor was a proficient, it was hardly worth his while to demolish him. The Doctor waggishly said, that the game might be equalized by taking the odds of a Queen. This being agreed upon, the Doctor won, but with apparent difficulty. The stranger fidgeted in his seat, declared that he was not in his usual way, and thought a Queen was 'most too great odds, but that a rook would make it easy work for him. At it they went again, and another game was scored to the Doctor, but with the semblance of greater labor than before. Then came the stereotyped exclamation:—"Hladn't played with a good player for a long time," "had spoilt his play by previous encounters with weaker players," &c., &c. The Doctor mildly suggested, that perhaps with a knight he might have better success. So the knight was given, but with a similar result. Then the stranger declared "he couldn't understand it," "he didn't play with anything like his usual force," etc., etc. The Doctor acquiesced in these opinions, and blandly said that a "paw and two" would be about the thing. The issue was as before, when the stranger remarked that he was not in the habit of playing at odds, but that at even play he thought himself a match for 'most anybody. The Doctor said he had little hope of winning, but that, emboldened by success, he would try an even game. This time the Doctor gave him a touch of the bishop's gambit and finished his opponent in a masterly style. Then came the Doctor's turn to propose odds, and he offered to give "a pawn and move," "just for the fun of the thing." He dared as before, when the Doctor gave, with like success, the "paw and two," then the knight, the rook, and finally the queen!

This all occupied the leisure of several days, and served to beguile the monotony of the passage, ending by making quite a lion of the Doctor, and a butt of the pretensions stranger, among their fellow passengers.

The truth is, that chess is a dangerous game to boast about, not only for a mere pretender, but even for a tolerably fair player. Infinite in its combinations and variations—defying in these the calculations of mathematics—so vast and comprehensive is its nature, that, unlike the exact sciences, the human mind cannot wholly grasp or fathom it—even the plannest of Morphy's intellect cannot sound its lowest depths.) Nothing verifies better than chess, the Spanish adage, that "strength is relative." The Ajax of one country or locality may be a comparative tyro in another.—*Spirit of the Times.*

SECURE.—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting, to hear the echoes of our own voices.

LONG NAMES.—The Kafir has no family name, but is provided with one, according to some accidental circumstance, at his birth; this name he afterwards changes for one recording a deed of bravery or a personal characteristic. Thus "The boy who was born in a hole," may become "The hunter that caused the game to roll over," and "The child born when the sun shone," may be, "The man with the big beard," or "The man with the broad face." Europeans are also rechristened in the Kafir manner. A lady who walked with a brisk and staccato step, was "One who moves in little cracks," or literally, "Crackle gait," and a clergyman's daughter, who had the habit of looking quickly from side to side, was "One who looks out in all directions in order to see."

FEVER AND AGUE DISTINGUISHED.—If breakfast were taken before going out, in those regions where chills and fever, and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room, for the hour including sunset and sunrise, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten-fold, but a thousand-fold, because the heat of the fire would rarify the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fire night and morning all summer, and not one in a thousand who reads this will put the suggestion into practice, it being so "troublesome," requiring no effort, to shiver and shake by the hour, daily, for weeks and months together! such is the stupidity of the animal, man!

AN INVOCATION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY OLIVE K. PAINE.

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undimmed."

Come not to the heartstone in sadness,
With gloom-beaded brow,
But joy in the hours of earth gladness
That shine o'er thee now.
The cheerful heart hath a future
Unshadowed by care;
The sunny eye looks not for thorns, while
The roses are fair.

House of heart, from the mist that is darkly
Enshrouding thy way,
From the storm that is gathering around thee,
Look up to the day;
Repine not, that hopes thou hast braided
Are vanished and gone;
Though one star of splendour hath faded,
Another will dawn.

Fling off the dark spell. Never borrow
The future's sad fears,
Lift high more of sunshine than sorrow,
More smiling than tears.
There's joy in the pathway of duty;
If noble and true,
This earth will be garlanded with beauty
For me and for you.

Love's voice round our pathway is swelling,
If we will but hear,
And pity in bosoms indwelling,
And pity in hearts;
Sweet charity walketh beside us,
And shining eyes gleam,
Unchanging, though storms should betide us
On time's rushing stream.

Look up, fainting heart! for the cloud-rifts
With rainbows are rife,
And open thine eyes to the richness
And glory of life.
Press onward! Be thine a true mission,
A labor of love,
For angels are waiting to crown thee
Victorious—above.

\$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLIN WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARLY DAUGHTERS," "THE
RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER V.
MILLS.

Certain changes, in course of time, took place at Danesbury House. Few persons could be less alike than the late Miss St. George and the present Mrs. Danesbury; they were as two separate and distinct women, especially in the matter of temper, and Mr. Danesbury could not fail to observe that they were. The servants experienced it to their cost, and Isabel also, to hers.

Isabel and her new mamma did not certainly get on well together, and yet Isabel was a sweet-tempered child, remarkably lady-like and graceful. Glisson spoke out openly, and in the hearing of her master: "It was Mrs. Danesbury's fault," said Mr. Danesbury, "for she was in delicate health, and he believed that must be the reason of her being so cross and irritable; but, so far as Isabel was concerned, he speedily set about a remedy. A gentleman of superior mind and manners was taken into the house as her governess, and he gave the little girl into her companionship and charge. "It will be less trouble for you," was the excuse he offered to his wife. Mrs. Danesbury seemed inclined to rebel; she did not want a governess in the house, she said; Isabel might be sent to a first-class school; but Mr. Danesbury was perfectly firm upon the point, and his wife saw that he was, and submitted. Arthur was away at school, having been placed out in the spring; strictly speaking, it could not, however, be called a school; a clergyman received half-a-dozen select pupils, and Arthur made one. Mrs. Danesbury was one of those wise-judging fathers, who deem no money wasted that is spent upon education.

With the coming winter, a boy was born to the second Mrs. Danesbury. It was named Robert, and Glisson was constituted its nurse, the care of little Master William being turned over to Jessy. But before this could be effected, Glisson and her mistress nearly came to a battle royal. In the first place, Glisson thought ready and willing enough to take to an infant of Mr. Danesbury, had an insuperable objection to be charged with any child of Mrs. Danesbury; and, secondly, she vowed and protested that she would not give up William. But Glisson, like her betters, found herself obliged to yield to circumstances. She was at liberty to remain in the house and attend to William, if she pleased, but not as head nurse, for whoever took charge of the infant must fill that post. Of course, for Glisson to remain in the Danesbury nursery, and not be its head, was out of the question; therefore, with much outward crustiness and inward heart-burning, she did at length consent to make the change. All this unpleasantness—and in Glisson's opinion it had been nothing but unpleasantness for the past year—did not tend to improve Glisson's patience, nor yet her self-restraint.

One evening when spring was drawing on, and the infant was three or four months old, Mrs. Danesbury being absent on a journey, Mrs. Danesbury retired to her room early, not feeling well. She heard the baby cry an unusual length of time, so, throwing on a shawl, for she was partially undressed, she proceeded to the night nursery. There sat Glisson, fast asleep. Mrs. Danesbury took up her struggling, crying child, and turned to the nurse.

"Glisson!"

Glisson took no notice.

"Glisson! what is the matter with you? How dare you sleep like this, when the child's screaming? He might have been choked."

She shook the woman roughly by the arm, and Glisson opened her eyes. Alas! she had been taking something which rendered it difficult to awake readily from her state of stupidity. Mrs. Danesbury stood confounded; and in the same moment she became conscious of a strong smell of gin, and saw an empty glass and spoon on the floor.

Glisson rose up from her seat, staggered, and sank down in it again. Mrs. Danesbury rang the bell violently, and Jessy came running up.

"Jessy," cried her mistress, "do you see this woman? She has been drinking. She is drunk."

Jessy made some incoherent reply. She was aware that Glisson, though horror-struck and repentant at the time of her late mistress's death, had afterwards recommenced her habit of drinking gin. But Jessy did not consider that it was her place to betray her, especially as Glisson, so far as Jessy saw, never took sufficient to render her incapable of her duties.

Mrs. Danesbury, giving the infant into Jessy's hands, proceeded to rummage the room, and found the gin bottle. Her passion rose with the sight.

"What am I to do with you, you wicked, drunken woman!"

"No more drunk than you, ma'am," hiccuped Glisson—who was just well enough to be abusive. "Who says I'm drunk?"

"Jessy," cried Mrs. Danesbury, "did you see her drinking it?"

"I saw her drink her ale at supper," replied Jessy.

"I say, did you see her drink this?" sharply repeated Mrs. Danesbury, touching the glass with her foot.

"No, ma'am. I have not been up stairs."

"If you had seen her, and suffered her to drink herself into this state without informing me, I would have turned you away in disgrace along with her," said Mrs. Danesbury. "This must have been a nightly habit."

"I do not come into this room at night," was Jessy's reply. "I have nothing to do here."

"You shameless creature!" continued Mrs. Danesbury, turning to Glisson. "Is not your good strong supper ale enough for you, but you must drink gin upon it? Shameful!"

"Highly tighty!" broke out Glisson, "gin upon ale? Don't other folks do the same? You have your strong ale, ma'am at supper, and you can take your spirits after it: sometimes it's gin, and sometimes it's brandy, but you don't go to bed without one of 'em. It's shameful, is it, for a poor hardworking servant? What is it for you, ma'am? Where's the difference? I suppose you can stand it best: more used to it, may be."

Mrs. Danesbury was struck dumb with rage; and the more especially that she could not contradict the chief facts. For she did drink strong ale at supper, and she did, in general, take a glass of spirits and water afterwards. It was the custom to drink spirits at night at Mr. Serle's, and she had recommenced it after she became Mrs. Danesbury. The comparison was not pleasant, and she began a passionate abuse of Glisson—which might have been more temperate, but for what she had herself taken.

An unseemly quarrel ensued. Glisson was sullen and insolent; Mrs. Danesbury violent. She at length struck Glisson, in her passion, and ordered her to quit the house, then and there.

Glisson refused to go. She was as obstinate as her mistress, and it ended by her remaining; Jessy taking charge of the infant for the night.

Glisson was in her sober senses the next morning, penitent and low-spirited. Mrs. Danesbury, cold, sulky, and unforgiving, stood over her while she packed her boxes, and then ordered one of the men-servants to show her out of the house. This accomplished, she went into the day nursery, where sat Jessy with William and the infant.

"I have been thinking that I would prefer you to a stranger," said Mrs. Danesbury to Jessy. "Will you take Glisson's place, and I will engage another for Master William?"

Jessy could only decline. The request gave her courage to say what she had been going to say for two or three weeks past—that she was soon about to leave.

"Have you any fault to find with the house?" imperiously demanded Mrs. Danesbury.

"Oh, no, ma'am. But—I suppose I must tell you," stammered Jessy, "I am thinking of getting married."

"To whom, pray?"

"To Richard Gould, one of Mr. Danesbury's men. But I will stay a month or two, or even three, ma'am, if you wish, while you suit yourself."

Mrs. Danesbury, in her exasperation, thought everything was going against her, and she turned away without vouchsafing an answer.

Three or four mornings afterwards, Mr. Danesbury returned. His wife immediately gave him an account of Glisson's misconduct; truth to say, an exaggerated one. For now that she had had time to cool down, she doubted whether her husband would approve of so summary a mode of dealing with an old and respected servant. Mr. Danesbury was proceeding to the factory afterwards, when he met Jessy and little William. The child held out his arms, and Mr. Danesbury took him up.

"Jessy," he exclaimed, "what a strange thing this is about Glisson! How came she to get into such a state?"

"It was very unfortunate, sir."

"Did she actually strike her mistress?"

"Oh, no, sir," hastily answered Jessy, "she did not do that. It was my mistress—"

"Your mistress—what?" said he, for Jessy had stopped short.

"Speak out," continued Mr. Danesbury, in his kind but commanding way, for Jessy still hesitated. "I wish to know the particulars of this affair."

"It was my mistress struck her, sir."

"Did she not strike your mistress?"

"No, indeed, sir, she did not so far forget herself as that. She was abusive, and said things which she would not have said had she been sober."

"Was it a nightly habit with her?"

"I am sure, sir, I hardly know what to say," was Jessy's rejoinder. "I'm afraid she

took a little occasionally, but I should think she was never like this last night."

"Where is she gone?"

"No one seems to know where. She has not been seen since."

Mr. Danesbury put William down again, and was walking off, but turned again.

"Jessy, I hear you are going to leave, too."

Jessy looked foolish.

"Yes, sir."

"We shall be sorry to lose you, for you have done your duty, but if folks will get married, why they will. Which of the men is it? Mrs. Danesbury forgot the name."

"It's Richard Gould, sir," answered Jessy, with down-cast eyes and a crimson face.

"Richard Gould," slowly repeated Mr. Danesbury, as if pondering over the man's merits and demerits. "Well, Jessy, he is a clever workman, and may rise to a good post in the establishment. That is, if he please; if he will keep steady."

Scarcely had Mr. Danesbury moved away, when a good-looking young man in a workman's dress, approached Jessy, from an opposite direction. It was Richard Gould.

"Jessy, wasn't that the master?" he asked, before he had well reached her.

"Yes."

"I must be off into the factory, then. When the master's eyes are about, there's no skulking for anybody."

"You ought to be as diligent when he is absent as when he is present, Richard."

"Oughts don't count always, my little moraliser. I'm diligent enough."

"Richard, I saw Mr. Harding yesterday. What do you think he said?"

"Anything about me?"

"That you were getting to go out with the men to the public-house after work. And if he saw that you continued to do it, he should write to my father to stop our wedding."

"I don't go to the public-house," returned Richard Gould.

"He said you were there on Saturday night."

"Saturday night? Well; I believe I did go in for an hour with Foster. It did not harm me."

"And on Thursday night also," she continued.

"What an audacious—Stop," cried Richard, pulling his speech suddenly up. "Don't let me tell a story. Thursday night?—that was the night I was hunting for Jackson. I had to get instructions from him about the morning's work, and found him at the Pig and Whistle. I sat the long spell of half an hour with him at the Pig, and drank one glass of ale, which he stood treat for. Much harm that did me, didn't it?"

"It is not the harm it does now that matters, but the getting into the habit. Uncle Harding says, if men once get into a habit of going to public houses of a night, they are sure never to get out of it, and they don't know where it will end; and if no bad ending comes, it runs away with money that might be spent better."

"That's all true," answered the young man, "and Mr. Harding need not fear that I am going to get into it. I shall speak to him about this. Good-bye, Jessy."

Do what they would, they could not hear of Glisson. Mr. Danesbury made inquiry, but was unable to trace her, and a strong fear, a dread which he would not mention to any one, was beginning to dawn over him—whether, in her grief and despair at the exposure which had taken place, and at being turned from her many years' home, she might not have committed suicide. In three or four weeks, however, tidings came from Glisson herself. She was in London—and now sent to draw out of Mr. Danesbury's hands a sum of money which he held for her at interest. It was £130, all she had saved, except the wages paid her by Mrs. Danesbury the morning of her departure. Mr. Danesbury wrote to her, as did Mrs. Philip Danesbury, kind letters, inquiring her plans, and so forth, but Glisson never answered.

Yes; Glisson had found her way to London. She had a brother living there, and she went to seek him. His address was somewhat vague—Daniel Low, Cow Corner, Commercial Road. Nearly a half day spent Glisson, hunting out Cow Corner, and then nearly another half inquiring after Daniel Low. At last she met a man, who was hawking cauliflower upon a flat board or barrow, and he, hearing the name, said there was a Dan Low in "his line," and he lived in Cass Court, Whitechapel. Glisson thought if his line meant chipping vegetables about the streets, her brother must have considerably fallen; he used to be a respectable market gardener; or, as they call it in London, a green-grocer.

It was evening when Glisson emerged from Cow Corner and its alleys, to find out Cass Court, and the street lamps were lighted. It was the first evening she had ever spent in London; moreover, it was Saturday evening, and Glisson was thunderstruck, bewildered with the noise, the bustle, and the glare and confusion. Every tenth house or so was a flashing shop—a palace, as they are called—and veritable palaces did they appear to the astounded Glisson. She stopped opposite the first she came to, and gazed in mute admiration. Its brilliant lamps were beautiful with colors and devices; and its warm, pleasant stream of light came flashing across the street every time the door opened. Glisson got jostled by the crowd at its doors; but, so intense was her enrapturement, that at that she did not notice what an unhalloved crowd it was. Soon she sprang away to avoid their contact. Contact with them! Glisson shuddered, and looked at them. Could they be human beings? The rags and the tatters—the scarred covered nakedness, were not the worst; Glisson had seen that in street beggars; but such forms and faces as these she had never seen. The ghastly squallor of the thin features, the dreadful eyes, the scarlet lips, struck upon her with awe; while the countenances gave out that look of apathy, of pallid despair, which told that the crushed, diseased spirit was fast galloping on to death. Glisson drew herself beyond their circle, and stopped again to look at them; and the sight never was erased from her memory during life. Such was the money were pouring in and out at those swinging doors, and such as had not

vented their anger and misery aloud outside. She did well to close her eyes with her two fingers, for they had never yet heard such language, sin and blasphemy, so gross as that crowd was shouting—and it was well that ears never should hear it, be they those of man or woman.

Glisson roused herself and continued her way. She seemed to have gazed her fill, both at the palace and its visitors. A few steps farther she came upon another. "What, another?" uttered Glisson, in her surprise. Yes, there was; it was on the opposite side of the street, and it emitted the same tempting flood of gorgeous light, and the same sort of hideous stare, and on stepped Glisson again; but soon she came to another halt, for there was actually a third. She began to think they must be common; and she was right. They were scattered everywhere, and not only in that street, but in all the others, round about, and across again, and down turnings, and up lanes, and were especially prevalent at corners—more dark misery, more raving sin, and a thought darted into the mind of Glisson (whatever her own practice had been). Upon a city so contaminated could the divine blessing rest?

Intemperance is, indeed, as a very plague spot in the metropolis. It is heard of in mansions—it is seen in dens—it staggers through the streets, lurking in the alleys and the dark corners—it cries aloud from the police courts—it fills the prisons and the hospitals—and it taints with its black infection our homes and hearths. It is the curse of England's poor. Glisson saw enough of it that night, and of the facilities afforded for its indulgence. How many of that unhappy crowd might have been arrested in their downward course; nay, never have entered upon it, but for the terrible temptations thrust upon them every hour, and at every step, by those meretricious liquor shops! Numbers of them were respectable once, hard-working and contented, until the stealthy vice insinuated itself upon them. Not all at once did it come, in its full baleful aspect, but gradually and imperceptibly; moderation grew to deep drinking, deep drinking to excess, excess to an impossibility to abstain; and there they were now, crowding round—fascinated by the subtle glare, the poisonous snarls of that destroying place, false as the name given to it!

Glisson, all in a maze, at length reached Cass Court, after many turnings and some misdirections, and at the entrance of Cass Court Glisson paused, afraid to enter it. It was but one of many other such "Courts," and the same features were seen in all. The tumble-down, dirty houses nearly touched each other, so narrow was the space between them; while from the dilapidated windows hung old cords, on which were stretched rags to dry. As Glisson gazed eagerly up at her skirts lifted, and picking her way the inhabitants flocked after her, so different was she from the natives usually seen there. A respectable-looking woman in a dark-colored muslin gown, a warm Paisley shawl, and a straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with black velvet, gloves, and an umbrella, was indeed a phenomenon for Cass Court to stare at. Men, some tolerably decent, others whose clothes hung upon them in the best way the dilapidations would permit, leaned against the walls, smoking short pipes; women, worse off still in the matter of garments, stood screaming and scolding, their hair hanging about their ears, as if they had quarrelled with combs and brushes, altogether miserable objects to look upon; and children sat about, or lay in the gutter—such children as Glisson had never seen yet. She plotted her way amidst the lot, and addressed herself to a man who wore a civil face.

"Can you tell me whether a person named Daniel Low lives here?"

"Dan Low? Yes. That's where he hangs out," pointing to one of the houses opposite. "Front room, first pair."

Glisson looked at it in doubt; she knew her brother had not been prosperous of late years, by the many calls he had made, or tried to make, on Glisson's purse, but she could not believe he was reduced to live in this sort of plight, in a Cass Court. Just then a woman put her face to a broken pane of glass in the room indicated, and the man spoke.

"Here, missus; here's a lady asking after your Dan."

"After our Dan? What's he been up to?"

"Taint that sort o' thing. It's a stranger."

"He ain't at home yet; he's on his rounds."

"Better go up, if you want 'em," concluded the man to Glisson.

She proceeded to the room indicated. It was nearly bare of furniture, save for a rude bed (or what served for one) down in a corner; a more miserable habitation it was almost impossible to conceive, and Glisson's courage died out as she gazed at it. The woman was washing some things in a tub, which things would soon be hung in the room to dry; could it really be her brother's wife? Glisson had seen her once, and then she was a pretty young woman; now all signs of prettiness were gone; her face was wrinkled, wearing a perpetual look of hard care, and her hair had turned grey; such hair! sticking out over her head, a tawny mass.

"Are you Emma Low?"

The woman fixed her eyes wonderingly on the intruder.

"Why—it's not—it's never Mrs. Glisson!"

"Yes, it's me," said Glisson. "Have you a chair, or anything I can sit down for a minute? I am quite overcome at finding you in this state."

Emma Low brought forward a chair from which the rush seat was gone, but she clapped a piece of board across it, and Glisson sat down.

"What a dreadful place to live in!" she uttered. "I wonder the close air doesn't kill you!"

"Well, I thought it bad when we first came here," returned the wife; "but we got used to it. So you live in London?"

"How's Daniel? and how are the children?" asked Glisson.

"Middling. Dan's on his rounds; he won't be here for another hour yet. Saturdays is busy nights with 'em. The young 'uns be out in the court, and about."

"What do you mean by Daniel's rounds?" questioned Glisson, puzzled at the word.

"Dan's a costermonger now; he hawks things about the streets in his hand-barrow,

and we call it going his rounds. He has stuck to it ever since our business failed."

"How did it come to fail?" asked Glisson.

"Ah! how do things come to fail? Ill luck; and expenses was great."

"Is Daniel steady?"

"He's pretty well; better than some around us. He might be steadier if he would, and then we should have kept our shop on, and a good roof over our heads."

"Do you manage to get a living?" continued Glisson.

"Of course we get a living, such as it is, or else we should be on the tramp, or in the work-house. But it's starving, half the time. I'm sorry I have got nothing in the place to ask you to have," she added, "and till Dan comes home I don't possess a single copper."

"Oh," said Glisson, hastily, turning against the idea of sitting in such an atmosphere, "I could not take anything, if you had your cupboard full. I went into a coffee-shop and got a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and I am tired to death, for I have been looking for you three parts of the day."

"Have you come to London with the family?" asked Mrs. Low.

"No, I have left them."

"Left them?" was the echo. "After being there so long!"

"My mistress died," said Glisson, "and there's a second mistress now, and I did not take kindly to her, nor she to me."

"The children came in, one by one, three of them, the eldest about eleven, and they were severely put to bed—after the fashion of putting to bed prevailing in that locality. Their upper garment was taken off, their rags were kept on, and they lay down."

"They have not said their prayers," cried Glisson.

"Prayers!" uttered Emma Low in an accent of much surprise, while the children stared vacantly. "Oh, law! we don't have time for those sort of things here."

"Where do you and Daniel sleep?" next asked Glisson.

"There!"

"There! on that bed, with all the three children?" returned she.

"Where else are we to sleep? 'Twasn't comfortable when we had first to do it; but it's astonishing how you get used to a thing, when there's no help against it."

"And young Dan?" continued Glisson.

"And Mary? I suppose he's out with his father."

"Indeed he's not. Young Dan has set up for himself. He has left us, and got a barrow, and goes round with winkles and herrings, and such like, or fruit when it's in. He has taken up with a girl, and she goes round with him. I believe they get a living, somehow."

Glisson did not penetrate the meaning of the phrase "took up," in the sense it was spoken, or she would have wondered more than she did; but the rest of the information afforded her considerable amusement.

"Why, Dan is only sixteen!" she replied; "he's only a boy."

"There's hardly a boy of that age in our Court, but what thinks himself a man," was Emma Low's answer. "As to Polly, she's out on her own account, too. It makes less months to feed at home, and folks come to what we have, can't afford to be nice, and to stick at trifles."

She sighed deeply as she spoke. Glisson, full of strange doubt, but not venturing to ask questions which might solve it, sat in silence, and at that juncture a little boy came up the stairs.

"Can you lend mother a bit of candle, please? and she'll pay it back again when father's home."

"I haven't got a morsel but this I'm using, Jenny, or else, tell your mother, she might be welcome to it," replied Mrs. Low.

The boy did not go away immediately. He stood looking down at the three faces in the bed.

"Is he thinking there's enough of 'em there for our bed?" spoke Glisson in her ignorance.

Emma Low could not forbear a faint laugh, though she and her mistress seemed to have parted company long ago.

"Here, Jenny," said she to the boy, "tell that lady how you sleep in your room."

"We all sleep in a big bed," said he, turning up his face to Glisson, with a good-humored smile; "it's as big as that."

That was about a third less large than the one Glisson had enjoyed to herself at Danesbury House.

"But tell who sleeps in it, Jenny," persisted Mrs. Low.

"Father, and mother, and Catherine, and the baby, at the top; and me, and Noddy, and Sam, at the bottom," was the ready answer.

"So that's two more than our lot," said Emma Low to Glisson, as the boy went out.

Daniel Low came in. He was dressed pretty dilly in fustian, and was excessively astonished to see his sister. He gave her a history of his downfall, ascribing it to every cause but the right one—drink. He had brought home money, and his first thought was hospitality; one of the children was roused from the bed, and sent to the palace at the corner of Cass Court, for a pint of "Old Tom," and the three sat down and discussed the gin. Emma Low providing hot water and three cracked tea-cups. Then he put Glisson into an omnibus which would take her to the inn where she had arrived late the previous night, and where she had left her boxes.

As a child's mind gradually awakens to the wonders of the world, so did Glisson's senses awake, by degrees, to the wonders of Cass Court. She was alone in London, knowing nobody, and the first shock—the first distant gone off, she naturally sought her relations often. Glisson's heart was good; and she was deliberating whether she could not assist them to rise out of their fallen and most undesirable position. Hence she spent many an hour in Cass Court, and its evils were progressively unfolded to her. Cass Court was not the worst of its kind; others there were, not far from it, the very hot-beds of crime—chained, even by the police, as being desperately dangerous and wicked. Take Cass Court as a whole, it was honest; and, taking it in comparison, it was respectable—in comparison, mind, with those other places hinted at. Also, it was hard working; but the great failing of

Cass Court was its dreadful poverty—and that poverty was caused by the fact that one-half of what was earned was spent in drink. The occupation followed by many of the men was the same as that of Glisson's brother—they were costermongers in the London dialect. Their social and moral state was mostly bad, and they did not care to rise from it. When the men were "off their rounds," and when these, pursuing other callings, had left work in the evening, their abiding place was the work-house, or the gin-shop, or some low place of amusement, where they could also get drunk, or else take it with them. Two other their wives accompanied them: we say "wives," as we are writing for polite ears—Glisson used to pay them the same compliment; but not one couple in ten were legally bound together, or had ever been inside a church in their lives. Glisson understood now what the "letting up" meant. As boys and girls grew they left their parents, other boys and girls doing the same, and set-up on their own account; in pairs, of course. Children of fourteen, sixteen, eighteen years. The parents wished at it; some went so far as to recommend it. In Mrs. Low's sentence there was an emphatic meaning—"It's less

NEWS FROM THE PRINCE.

DEGRADATION OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Some French journals have stated that the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III., who is a corporal among the Grenadiers of the Guard, having shown great impudence to his mother, the Empress, has been degraded from his rank of corporal, in presence of a body of soldiers. He is remembered that the boy is four years old.

AN ANTI-SLAVER BROWN IN A NEW CHARACTER.—A horse owner, of the Abolitionist persuasion, has christened a stallion "Onawa come Brown," and advertised him to the farmers of the Western Reserve under his name.

ON A SATURDAY EVENING, not long since, considerable excitement was caused at Lyons, (France), by a person stationing himself on the Grand Saint Clair, and presenting every man that passed wearing a blouse a half franc piece which he pulled from a bag. Some people, thinking he was mad, talked of arresting him; but he cried out, "Do not interrupt me. I am not mad. I have unexpectedly come into a legacy of 30,000 francs from an uncle, and I have resolved, in order to show my gratitude and joy, to distribute 400 francs to working men." So saying, he continued his distribution until the bag was empty; after which he quietly went away.

SAVERS AND HENRAN have had a meeting at the office of Bell's Life, and it was finally agreed that each is to have a new belt by the old belt. The old belt is to be fought for by any aspirant. Savers has agreed to retire from the ring.

THE SENTENCE OF PELLINGHAM.—The defaulting Cashier of the Union Bank of London, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment in the Brixton Prison, on the ground that he had not paid off the bank's liabilities. The sentence is not so highly valued on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Chicago Journal says: "We have Mr. Lincoln's authority for saying that his name is Abraham."

LEONARD H. HALL, a gentleman recently from Keene, N. H., employed as a copyist in the office of the American and Atlantic Pacific Ship Canal Company, committed suicide recently, by taking a dose of laudanum. On the desk occupied by deceased was found a bit of paper, folded up, and containing a few scraps of Greek. On the paper was written the following, in a neat feminine hand:

"From her dear grave. For Leonora."

This grave is supposed to have been picked from the grave of a dear departed female friend, and forwarded to him from the country. Anguish of mind, consequent upon the reception of the package, probably prompted him to terminate his earthly existence.

DANGER OF DEPRIVATIONS.—Mlle. Desceux, a mistress of the Quinman, appeared a few days ago before the Tribunal of Correctional Police, Paris, to complain that Mlle. Chantal (whose real name is Biche), an advertising performer, had done her great injury by selling her, for twenty-five francs, to remove some hair she had on the arm, a liquid called "Fau Indienne (Chantal)," and represented her to have been made by the celebrated Mme. M.

But which had not only removed the hair, but had caused a painful wound and disfigurement. The Tribunal condemned Mlle. Biche to six days' imprisonment, and 100 francs fine.

SOME OF THE HARBOR.—A young lady of this city, or many years an assistant teacher in one of our grammar schools, left yesterday, in company with a sister, on a journey of over a thousand miles to meet and marry a man she had never seen. The engagement was brought about by means of a piece of poetry, written by her while residing in a neighboring city, and published in the local paper of that place.

The article, signed by a fictitious name, was seen by the gentleman, and so much admired, that he wrote to the address, and the correspondence thus begun was kept up for nearly two years, and has resulted as above.—*Lowell (Mass.) News.*

A PAIR OF TWINS, but a few days old, were left on a door step in Boston, a few days since, and attached to them was the following note:—

"Take good care of these children—they are legitimate, and will be reclaimed, if the father survives."

SUNDAY OF A BOY.—Peter Hannock, aged 12 years, hung himself last Tuesday, in the stable of Mr. Cassons, in Kent county, Del., because Mr. Cassons refused to permit him to accompany him to Dover that day.

WHEREAS IN THE LOTTERY OFFICE.—The St. Louis Herald, in speaking of the recently distributed embossed ticket for the lottery, says the defalcation for which Smith, the clerk, was arrested, had hardly fallen short of \$100,000, and Smith "has nothing to show for it."

THE ROCK UPON WHICH HE SPILT WAS THE ONE UPON WHICH MANY ANOTHER HAD BEEN WRECKED.—The lottery office. So the extent of his operations in the line may be imagined, when it is stated that he is indebted to one lottery firm in that city to the amount of \$10,000.

DIED WHILE DANCING.—A young man named Frank Stanhope attended a dance, in Conway, Mass., a few evenings since, and while dancing and playing a flute at the same time fell dead upon the floor. The selection suspected foul work and had his body disinterred, when it was found an artery had been broken near the top of the head, which probably caused his death.—*Springfield Republican, May 29.*

A TEXAS PAPER says that the Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native (Indian, we suppose), missionary in that State is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite fluently."

A YOUNG MAN NAMED COPE, of Wellsville, Ohio, on Saturday last, undertook to ford a swollen creek in the vicinity, with his \$1,000 stallion and a sulky. The horse was drowned, and the young man could not swim, and was taken out almost lifeless. With great difficulty he was restored.

IT IS STATED THAT THE Hon. John F. Potter has commenced an action for libel against the proprietors of the Washington States and of the National Patriot. The ground of the action is the publication of a story that Mr. Potter declared himself the owner of a colored man.

JOSEPH H. SIMPSON, of the Village Blacksmith, of Painesville, Jefferson county, N. Y., excited to a pitch of emulation by the feat of a Troy blacksmith in making two hundred and forty horse shoes in ten hours, turned out, on the 24th inst., in the short space of eight hours, two hundred and forty-three medium sized horse shoes.

SPEAKING OF THE fearful tornado which swept through the valley of the Ohio last Monday week, the Cincinnati Enquirer says:—"The velocity with which this tornado travelled, may be estimated from the fact that it was only about two hours in going from Louisville to Portsmouth, a distance by air line of 160 miles. When it is borne in mind that this tornado pursued the sinuities of the river, it will be seen that its speed must have been immensely beyond that of the fastest locomotive ever run. It was, in common with all which have been observed, possessed a rotary motion upon its own axis."

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Some years ago a servant girl who had received her mistress a mill-liner in London, was sent to Sydney for a term of years. Since the discovery of the Bathurst plains, she has written to her former mistress that the colony was a good place; that as she now kept her carriage she recommended her to come out and set up shop, and she would be happy to extend her patronage to a lady she so much esteemed.

THE EFFECTS OF DRINK.—John D. DeForest, writing to The Indianapolis Journal, says:—"Twenty years ago I was a looker on at the doings of Congress. The two men who attracted the most attention were Wm. C. Johnston of Maryland, and Thomas F. Marshall of Kentucky. They were the most brilliant orators in the 'observed of all observers.' Mr. Johnston died in Maryland a few days ago, a pauper and an outcast, unnoticed and unlamented. The papers, a few days ago, informed us that Marshall was an inmate of a hospital at Buffalo, diseased and miserable, and about to die. In contemplation of death, he is the most brilliant orator."

DEPOSE THE FIRST WEEK IN WHICH THE OFFICIALS from Washington took possession of the New York post office, the receipts rose to \$16,000, or about \$4,000 more than the ordinary average. This startling fact furnishes some idea of the extraordinary frauds which must have been practiced at that office, and which could not have been confined to Foster alone.

MR. KREYER has accepted the Constitutional Union nomination for the Vice Presidency.

PETER V. DANIEL, Judge of the United States Supreme Court, died in Richmond, (Va.), on the 31st.

A NEGRO'S NOTION ABOUT THE COLOR OF THE JAPANESE.—A few days ago a negro, getting into a Japanese, now in Washington, exclaimed: "If de white folks is as dark as dat out dere, I wonder what de color of de niggers is."

A YOUNG MOTHER.—A Mrs. Case died, recently, at Watoms, Wis., aged sixteen years, six months, and was the mother of three children, three years, and left three children to mourn her loss.

THE JAPANESE WILL LEAVE WASHINGTON FOR BALTIMORE on the 4th of June, and the latter city on the 6th, arriving at Philadelphia on the 7th. They will leave Philadelphia on the 11th, arriving at New York on the 13th, and at New Orleans on the 14th. On the 15th they will arrive at Boston, at which city they will remain till the 20th. They will remain at New York from the 20th to the 30th. At Buffalo they will make a trip on Lake Erie.

THE GREAT KATYON.—The Great Ship Courier and Requirer says that this great ship to leave New York on the 9th of June, and will remain for some time in that port, to afford opportunities to visitors. She will be assigned to Grinnell, Minturn & Co. The people of Portland, Me., are very indignant at the change in her destination, as they had made some costly preparations for her proper accommodation in that port.

THE CATTLE DISEASE IN NEW JERSEY.—NEWARK, N. J., May 31.—The cattle disease has made its appearance here, four out of seven having died from its effects. The disease was imported from New York.

CATTLE DISEASE IN ENGLAND.—It is only a few years since the ordinary mortality has made its appearance in England. It was imported in Dutch stock, in 1847, and has prevailed to a fearful extent there. In the valley of the Thames, 95 per cent. of all the cattle exposed have died, but in the country, only 35 per cent. The disease appears a little different, in some respects, from what we see in New England. Hospital have been established, and it is undergoing thorough investigation; while the most energetic means in the power of the government are being put forth to arrest its progress.

A GERMAN IN NEW ORLEANS committed suicide because he could not attend the school, which he had been looking forward to with great anticipations for a long time. He saw his companions decking themselves in their best attire to attend, and could not endure the idea of missing the festival.

IT WILL DOUBTLESS gratify many of the friends and admirers of N. F. Willis, Esq., the author, who has made a public profession of religion, having recently been confirmed by the Provisional Bishop of this diocese.

A MASSACHUSETTS YANKEE, named Ward, recently ran away from his wife, with a French girl. Since his departure, the wife has received an epistle sent to him by the French girl, begging that he would come back, and would rather have it than a five dollar bill. How I have longed for the time to come when I can sit in your lap and hug and kiss you as much as I please, and bury my face in your whiskers.

A GERMAN VETERAN.—The Pittsburg (Pa.) Gazette, states that Charles Higley, late Postmaster at New Brighton, Beaver county, Pa., has become crazy, from the effects of Syphilis. He embraced the delusion some years ago, and became gradually more infatuated, until a few days back when his mind gave way, and his friends have been compelled to send him to the asylum.

DEATH OF THE BEARDED LADY.—Miss Julia Pasternak, who was exhibited, some time since in many cities of the United States, died recently, in Moscow, after giving birth to a child.

MARRIAGE FOR LOVE.—A German Princess has lately been acting in a very romantic way—like any ordinary woman. The story runs thus:—

"The illustrious lady in question is the Princess Elizabeth Adelaide Caroline Clothilde Ferdinande of Hohenzollern, born January 18, 1831, sister of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Schillingfurst, and step-daughter of the Duke of Kent. The Princess, who is of remarkable beauty, was left an orphan at an early age, and received her education at the Palace of Schillingfurst, the residence of her brother. Among the professors attending her there was a young man, who had the honor of teaching her serene highness the knowledge of the pencil and the brush, and the skill of mixing water-colors. The upshot of this series of studies was that Princess Elizabeth declared to her friends that she was in love with Herr Lancher, and was determined to marry him or nothing else. Her father was raised a great outcry by all the members of the House of Hohenzollern, ending with an escape of the enamored fair one to the palace of Duke Ernest II., reigning Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, cousin of the Princess. Ernest II. warmly espoused the cause of the fair fugitive, and, in consequence of the family, the princess of the Hohenzollerns at last gave way, and a few weeks after the Princess exchanged her name for that of Madame de Lancher. The happy couple are now living in a small town on the banks of the Elbe, where a fine property has been purchased for them by Prince Clodwig."

SPIRITED NEGRO.—On Friday last quite a spirited scene was enacted at the depot in Madison, Wis., which afforded infinite sport to the lookers-on. A young woman, named Hannah Fisher, was passing the depot, when an insulting remark was made by a man named Williams. She stopped back, and asked who he was. Williams being pointed out to her, she pulled him for a moment with stones, and then smashed a pitcher over his head. She then went to a lawyer for advice. He advised her to heronship the scamp. The plan suited her, so she provided herself with a long and stout raw-hide, and returning to the depot, proceeded to give Williams a terrible scouring around the head and body. He bore it as meekly as a martyr, and when she ordered him to get down on his knees and beg her pardon, he obeyed in fear and trembling. She then let him off, on his promise to behave himself in future. A large crowd witnessed the flagellation, and cheered the woman on.

DEATH OF LADY BYRON.

We learn by the Glasgow, that on the 17th instant, Lady Byron, the widow of the great poet, died at London, in the sixty-third year of her age. She was born in 1794, and was the only daughter and heir of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, Baronet. In 1816 she succeeded to the barony of Wentworth. She was married to Lord Byron 1815—the union proving, as is well known, most unhappy to both husband and wife, and he lived with his wife only some thirteen days. Their only child—

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart" was married to Lord Lovelace, and died eight years ago.

The marriage of Byron with Miss Milbanke was one prompted by motives of interest. Lord Byron, in one of his letters, gives the following description of Lady Byron during the time of their engagement:—"What an odd situation and friendship is ours! With one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which, in general, lead to calumny on one side and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child and a niece, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, and, withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, and with very little pretension."

Even at her wedding, the thoughts of his first love—of Mary Chaworth, of Annesley Hall, whom he so poetically termed his "Bright morning star of Annesley"—was present to his imagination. Annesley Hall and all its fond associations floated like a vision before his thoughts, even when at the altar, and on the point of pronouncing his nuptial vows. A marriage contracted under such circumstances, could not but be unhappy. The poet had been led to it by a sudden burst of feeling, "why do I say so? Our union would have been a union in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined hands and heart; it would have joined at least one heart; and two persons not ill-matched in years, and—and what has been the result?"

It is unfortunate for the late Lady Byron that only by her union with Byron, and its unhappy result, is she known to the world at large. Her private life has been ruthlessly invaded, and all her domestic troubles exposed to the gaze of the world. It should be remembered that Byron treated her in a manner calculated to alienate the affections of any woman, and that it was the public odium following his conduct, and her own self-induced him to leave England and live in Italy.

NOVEL MARRIAGE.—A couple were married by Justice Purdy, yesterday, says the Detroit Free Press of the 26th ult., one of whom was a female aged fifty-eight, and the other a veritable looking young man, who had apparently been in the military service of some European power, and who had been in the army for some time. The young fellow said he was thirty-seven years old; and, in order to make up for the deficiency, he brought her years down to forty-five. The judge did not work, and upon being informed that they must make oaths to the facts, they declined, and refused to take the oath without questioning. The young fellow said he was a Quaker, and objected to telling his age, but the lady was captious, and refused to divulge until she was informed that she must give up all hope of possessing the youngster as a penalty. She said he didn't amount to much as a man; but then he couldn't be handy to have around; and she thought she might as well take him, as she had more money than she knew what to do with, and wanted somebody to spend it. The bridegroom looked as if he might fulfill the duty, with a little judicious training.

UNFORTUNATE LEAVE-TAKERS.—A few days ago over 400 emigrants took their departure from this country for America, by the mail steamers which left Queenstown for New York and Portland. While the steamers were in the harbor a considerable number of country people, friends of the emigrants, accompanied them on board to bid them farewell, intending to return by boat to their homes. The emigrants, however, which they supposed would remain ashore, to their dismay, however, the mails being placed on board, the steamers got under way, being bound under heavy penalties to be on the route by a given time, and before any means could be procured to send the parties ashore, the steamers were on their way, leaving 200 of them on board. Several of the unlucky individuals, who have now a journey of some 5,000 miles before them to America and back, had actually left their carts and some of the members of their families behind them in Queenstown, and the inconvenience and alarm occasioned by the unwelcome trip to which they have been treated may easily be imagined.—*London Paper.*

Zelim, was the first of the Ottomans who shaved his beard. One of his Rashaws asked him why he altered the customs of his predecessors? He answered, "Because you Rashaws may not lead me by the beard as you did them."

THE STOCK MARKET.

COMPILED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PATTERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady—

LOANS.	RAILROAD STOCKS.	LOANS.	RAILROAD STOCKS.
U.S. 5% 100	100	U.S. 5% 100	100
U.S. 6% 100	100	U.S. 6% 100	100
U.S. 7% 100	100	U.S. 7% 100	100
U.S. 8% 100	100	U.S. 8% 100	100
U.S. 9% 100	100	U.S. 9% 100	100
U.S. 10% 100	100	U.S. 10% 100	100
U.S. 11% 100	100	U.S. 11% 100	100
U.S. 12% 100	100	U.S. 12% 100	100
U.S. 13% 100	100	U.S. 13% 100	100
U.S. 14% 100	100	U.S. 14% 100	100
U.S. 15% 100	100	U.S. 15% 100	100
U.S. 16% 100	100	U.S. 16% 100	100
U.S. 17% 100	100	U.S. 17% 100	100
U.S. 18% 100	100	U.S. 18% 100	100
U.S. 19% 100	100	U.S. 19% 100	100
U.S. 20% 100	100	U.S. 20% 100	100
U.S. 21% 100	100	U.S. 21% 100	100
U.S. 22% 100	100	U.S. 22% 100	100
U.S. 23% 100	100	U.S. 23% 100	100
U.S. 24% 100	100	U.S. 24% 100	100
U.S. 25% 100	100	U.S. 25% 100	100
U.S. 26% 100	100	U.S. 26% 100	100
U.S. 27% 100	100	U.S. 27% 100	100
U.S. 28% 100	100	U.S. 28% 100	100
U.S. 29% 100	100	U.S. 29% 100	100
U.S. 30% 100	100	U.S. 30% 100	100
U.S. 31% 100	100	U.S. 31% 100	100
U.S. 32% 100	100	U.S. 32% 100	100
U.S. 33% 100	100	U.S. 33% 100	100
U.S. 34% 100	100	U.S. 34% 100	100
U.S. 35% 100	100	U.S. 35% 100	100
U.S. 36% 100	100	U.S. 36% 100	100
U.S. 37% 100	100	U.S. 37% 100	100
U.S. 38% 100	100	U.S. 38% 100	100
U.S. 39% 100	100	U.S. 39% 100	100
U.S. 40% 100	100	U.S. 40% 100	100
U.S. 41% 100	100	U.S. 41% 100	100
U.S. 42% 100	100	U.S. 42% 100	100
U.S. 43% 100	100	U.S. 43% 100	100
U.S. 44% 100	100	U.S. 44% 100	100
U.S. 45% 100	100	U.S. 45% 100	100
U.S. 46% 100	100	U.S. 46% 100	100
U.S. 47% 100	100	U.S. 47% 100	100
U.S. 48% 100	100	U.S. 48% 100	100
U.S. 49% 100	100	U.S. 49% 100	100
U.S. 50% 100	100	U.S. 50% 100	100
U.S. 51% 100	100	U.S. 51% 100	100
U.S. 52% 100	100	U.S. 52% 100	100
U.S. 53% 100	100	U.S. 53% 100	100
U.S. 54% 100	100	U.S. 54% 100	100
U.S. 55% 100	100	U.S. 55% 100	100
U.S. 56% 100	100	U.S. 56% 100	100
U.S. 57% 100	100	U.S. 57% 100	100
U.S. 58% 100	100	U.S. 58% 100	100
U.S. 59% 100	100	U.S. 59% 100	100
U.S. 60% 100	100	U.S. 60% 100	100
U.S. 61% 100	100	U.S. 61% 100	100
U.S. 62% 100	100	U.S. 62% 100	100
U.S. 63% 100	100	U.S. 63% 100	100
U.S. 64% 100	100	U.S. 64% 100	100
U.S. 65% 100	100	U.S. 65% 100	100
U.S. 66% 100	100	U.S. 66% 100	100
U.S. 67% 100	100	U.S. 67% 100	100
U.S. 68% 100	100	U.S. 68% 100	100
U.S. 69% 100	100	U.S. 69% 100	100
U.S. 70% 100	100	U.S. 70% 100	100
U.S. 71% 100	100	U.S. 71% 100	100
U.S. 72% 100	100	U.S. 72% 100	100
U.S. 73% 100	100	U.S. 73% 100	100
U.S. 74% 100	100	U.S. 74% 100	100
U.S. 75% 100	100	U.S. 75% 100	100
U.S. 76% 100	100	U.S. 76% 100	100
U.S. 77% 100	100	U.S. 77% 100	100
U.S. 78% 100	100	U.S. 78% 100	100
U.S. 79% 100	100	U.S. 79% 100	100
U.S. 80% 100	100	U.S. 80% 100	100
U.S. 81% 100	100	U.S. 81% 100	100
U.S. 82% 100	100	U.S. 82% 100	100
U.S. 83% 100	100	U.S. 83% 100	100
U.S. 84% 100	100	U.S. 84% 100	100
U.S. 85% 100	100	U.S. 85% 100	100
U.S. 86% 100	100	U.S. 86% 100	100
U.S. 87% 100	100	U.S. 87% 100	100
U.S. 88% 100	100	U.S. 88% 100	100
U.S. 89% 100	100	U.S. 89% 100	100
U.S. 90% 100	100	U.S. 90% 100	100
U.S. 91% 100	100	U.S. 91% 100	100
U.S. 92% 100	100	U.S. 92% 100	100
U.S. 93% 100	100	U.S. 93% 100	100
U.S. 94% 100	100	U.S. 94% 100	100
U.S. 95% 100	100	U.S. 95% 100	100
U.S. 96% 100	100	U.S. 96% 100	100
U.S. 97% 100	100	U.S. 97% 100	100
U.S. 98% 100	100	U.S. 98% 100	100
U.S. 99% 100	100	U.S. 99% 100	100
U.S. 100% 100	100	U.S. 100% 100	100

Card Walter Scott, "To drizzle away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "In exchanging his of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the painful concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or empermanence. It is like riding on a rocking horse, where your uttermost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch."

THE BIBLE.—The Bible has been translated into 260 languages and dialects, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 100,000,000 have, as yet, received it.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

GRAIN.—The market for Flour has been more active during the past week, but at prices in favor of the buyers, and some of the best have been taken for export at \$5.71 1/2, 5 1/2, and 5 1/2, the latter for better brands, mostly at \$5.50, including extra at \$5.60, 5 1/2, and extra family at \$5.87 1/2, 5 1/2, and 5 1/2, in quality, the bulk of the sales were of Western extra and extra family at our highest figures, including some City Mills extra on terms kept private, the market at the close is quiet but steady at these rates, and some holders not so anxious to sell, the demand, however, is moderate, and mostly to supply the home

Wit and Humor.

A FUNNY CASE IN COURT.

There was an important trial of murder in the first degree going on—the case of the State vs. William Perkins, a negro, indicted for killing, with a butcher knife, a fellow negro, in a slaughter-house, while they were both engaged in killing and eviscerating hogs. Many witnesses had been examined by the State, and finally the prosecuting attorney called upon one George Washington.

Answering this summons, an old gray-headed, dark, looking very consequential and very wise, stepped forward to the witness stand. He narrated in his peculiar style many circumstances of the homicide, as he saw and understood them, and finally was handed over for cross-examination, which thus began:

Lawyer.—Are you George Washington?

Witness.—Dat's de nomination I goes by.

Lawyer.—Are you General George Washington?

Witness.—De general? I bare dat. I's no general, dough some ob de colored folks does call me Maj. sometimes; but I's no military man; I doesn't belongs to de military, dough I sees no objection to take a drink ob—

Lawyer.—How come you by the name of George Washington?

Witness.—Well, I's pome, boss, I got him from my father and mother in old Virginia. I didn't steal 'em.

Lawyer.—Are you a descendant of the great George Washington, the Father of his country?

Witness.—Why, boss, dat am a hard question to 'spond to, but I 'spose I is. I spec, if he am de father ob his country, he must hab been de father ob all de people in it—de white trash and de niggers too; and as I 'longs to de latter class, I 'spose I is a liberal descendant in de female line.

Of course this caused great laughter in the court-room—jurors, lawyers, and judges could not restrain, and effectively stopped further cross-examination. But quite a long examination ensued on the facts of the transaction; and as it was the chief object of the lawyer to reduce the crime of his client from murder in the first degree to that of the second degree, to show that there was a total absence of deliberation and premeditation in the act, the cross-examination concluded as follows:

Lawyer.—So you saw Perkins hurl the knife across the table into the body of the deceased?

Witness.—Yes, massa, dat am a fac; he hurl him mighty strong, too.

Lawyer.—Well, what time elapsed when the insult was given before Perkins hurled the knife across the table?

Witness.—Well, dat am a mighty nice question. I carries no watch. I's got no time piece; and, boss, 'spose I done got a watch, does you tink I's sich a darned fool as to take dat watch 'mongst dose black niggers dar in dat slaughter-house? No, sar, I don't fool dis chile dat way!

Lawyer.—Don't be so smart, Mr. Washington; I ask you not for the precise time, but what do you think was the length of time between the words used by deceased and Perkins' throwing the knife?

Witness.—Why, massa, to tell de fac, if you wants my 'pinion I gib it you. De time dat 'sape 'tween de dead man's say and dat murdering Perkins throwing dat big butcher knife which done kill de dead man, was plenty time enuff for dat cussed nigger to demediate and premeditate. Dat's just wat I tink, and I hope him will be hanged.

Here the laugh was boisterous, and the cross-examination forthwith ceased, for the lawyer plainly discerned that it was quite useless for him to try to elicit further information on his side of the case from that witness.

A VUE TO ST. PAUL.—Everybody that has travelled much on the Lakes is conversant with the name of Captain Fred W., and hundreds still live who were proud of classing him among their list of particular friends. Fred had an extreme sense of the ludicrous. In a thriving city of the West, a splendid church had been erected; and in order to keep up with the times it was decided to build a paragon, which, as the church was called St. Paul's, must, of course, be St. Paul's paragon. A door-plate to this effect was accordingly prepared, and in due time adorned the front door.

Feasting that way one day, with our companions, Fred discovered the plate, and without a word to his companions, mounted the steps and rang the bell. A blooming descendant of the Emerald Isle answered the summons, when Fred, with a slight bow, inquired if "Mr. St. Paul" was in. The girl promptly answered, "No, sir," when Fred, with all the cold friend of a lawyer, asked if "Mrs. St. Paul" was in. Looking at him a moment, she said she would inquire. I would only add that when the girl returned, Fred and his companions had gone; and the next day the door-plate was gone too.

AN UNFORTUNATE ILLUSTRATION.—Professor C., of Bowdoin College, was noted for having a certain set of illustrations from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him.

On one occasion the class filed into the recitation room, and the professor commenced the exercise.

"Mr. Smith," he said, addressing a young man whose chance of gaining the valedictory was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful, or otherwise?"

"It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously.

"Rather powerful!" said the professor, indignantly. "Put a drop on your tongue, and it would kill a dog!"

The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

Boys reach manhood by a rather "sensible" way.

OLD KENNEL'S EPIGRAPH.

Many years ago there lived an old Indian, who had become quite celebrated as a poet, having written many little pieces that attracted some attention. He had been educated in one of the New England colleges, but subsequently partially relapsed into his former barbarous ways. In latter life he travelled through the country, paying for his provisions and his whiskey by the exercise of his poetical talent.

During one year of his tour he put up with a man by the name of Keasel, who had long wished for an opportunity to get the old fellow to write his epitaph. Accordingly a bargain was struck. The Indian, with all the wariness of his tribe, stipulated that after he got his supper he should give one-half the epitaph, and the rest after he got his breakfast in the morning.

Accordingly, after supper, he repeated the first instalment, which read thus:

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms and wings of love
To wait him to the realms above."

Old Keasel was in ecstasies. He could think of nothing but his epitaph. He was almost willing to die for the sake of having such beautiful verses inscribed on his tomb. All night his visions were of the angelic being who was destined to carry him to the regions of eternal felicity. In the morning he called in his neighbors to hear his beautiful epitaph, but the poet proceeded to get ready for starting, apparently having forgotten all about his promise. He was about mounting his pony, when reminded of it. After a little reflection he signified his ability to finish his task; but, as the friends of his host had not heard the first part, he said he would repeat it as a preliminary to the last:

"There was a man who died of late,
For whom angels did impatient wait,
With outstretched arms and wings of love,
To wait him to the realms above."

But while disputing 'bout the prize—
Still hovering round the lower skies—
In slipped the devil like a weed,
And down to hell he kicked old Keasel!"

As he finished he left, and old Keasel after him; but the race was unequal, and the poet escaped.

A CHICAGO BANK "GONE UP."

"Have you anything deposited in the Marine Bank?" asked a grain speculator of a wholesale merchant, the other day.

"Yes, some \$20,000," replied the merchant.

"Well," replied the grain man, "I suppose you have heard that the bank has gone up?"

"Gone up!" exclaimed the merchant, thunderstruck, "it can't be."

"Well, you go up and see."

And the merchant, in the most nervous state of mind, rushed up Lake street to the Marine Bank.

"Is it true," he asked of the cashier, meeting him on the steps, "that your bank has gone up?"

"Yes," said the cashier, smiling, "it's a good joke, isn't it?"

The merchant became perfectly frantic, and tore his hair.

"Yes, a very fine joke, to be dilled out of nearly all the money I am worth—I want and must have my money," and he rushed up stairs, nearly insane.

"Why, look here!" exclaimed the cashier, calling after him. He stopped. "I didn't suppose you were in earnest—it's been a joke here among our friends for over a week. Don't you see that we have gone up? Our building has been raised eight feet."

The merchant instantly cooled down, and on looking across the street saw the grain man standing on the sidewalk, almost bursting himself with laughter. The merchant shook his fist at him, and made chase after him down street. When last seen they were engaged in very loud conversation in the Tremont House bar-room, shaking glasses.—Chicago Leader.

SHARP AS A NEEDLE.—The following bon mot was started out West:—A busy housewife was sitting in a doorway, plying her needle. Her husband lounging on the rail—his foot slipped, and he bruised his knee on the door-stone.

"Oh!" said he, groaning, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!"

"Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing."

"How so?"

"Why, don't you see," said she, "I have broken the eye of the needle, and you have broken the bone of the idle man."

GOING TO SEA.—A man applied once to be shipped before the mast.

"Are you an able seaman, or a green hand?" asked the shipping-master.

"Why, no, not an able seaman, but yet not exactly a green hand. I have some knowledge of the water."

"Ever been a voyage?"

"No."

"Ever been on the river craft?"

"No."

"Well, what do you know, then, about the sea?"

"Why, I have tended a saw mill."

STEAMBOATS AND FISH.—Landlady, (deferentially.)—"Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?"

Smith (cautiously.)—"I can't say, madam, whether it did or not."

Landlady.—"Oh! I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point."

Smith (the malicious villain.)—"Very likely, madam—very likely, but it's my opinion, madam, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented."

A story is told of a Welsh jury, who, when a learned counsel had opened his case and concluded by saying, "Now, gentlemen, I will call before you witnesses who will bear out the statements I have made," replied unanimously, "Oh! Mr. Williams, you need not give yourself the trouble—we can believe you."



OLD GENTLEMAN (very naturally excited).—"Why, confound you! You are wiping my plate with your handkerchief!"

WAITER (blandly).—"It's of no consequence, sir; it will not soil it—it's only a dirty one!"

HOW JUDGE H.—HELPED TO UNLOAD THE STRAIGHT.—A friend of ours who was an eye-witness to the fact, related to us an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge H.—presided on the bench in this District, says the Westport Star:

On a peculiar occasion after his appointment, business called him to Liberty, and while there, meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, they got into convivial mood which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in great haste for fear another boat, that had just hove in sight, would pass them.

The clerk cried out,

"I say, old man, can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that lot of furniture? I will pay you well for doing so and double filly, in the bargain."

"Oh, yes sir," said the Judge, "always ready to help in time of need."

"Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble-top bureau. In going off the plank, the Judge slipped, and the clerk roared out,

"There now, throw that into the river, will you?"

"Certainly," said the Judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went.

"Hellow! what's that for?" said the clerk.

"I always obey orders when I work for a man."

"Leave," said the mate.

"Agreed," said the Judge.

"Who is that man?" said the clerk.

A bystander remarked,

"That is Judge H.—of the fifth Judicial District of Missouri."

"Oh, ah, yes, let go that line!"

"PULL, ADAM, PULL."—There was a lad in Ireland, who was put to work at a linen factory, and while he was at work there a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out, which was short of the quantity that it ought to be; but the master thought that it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself and the boy at the other. He then said, "Pull, Adam, pull." The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master again said, "Pull, Adam, pull." The boy said, "I can't." "Why not?" said the master. "Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull. Upon this the master said he would not do for a linen manufacturer; but that boy became the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, and the strict principle of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

DEATH OF FAMILIES.—A Duchess de Saint Simon is a femme de ménage at Belleville. The heir of the last Duke of Venice is a perfumer at Saint Denis. The keys of Venice, gilt with care, confided to the hereditary keeping of the family, repose beneath a glass shade on the mantelpiece in his back shop. The Capital de Rue, a unique title, one of the noblest in France, is a little actor on little wages at the little theatre of Beaumarchais; and the grand-daughter of a Duchess de San Severino works by the day at a fashionable milliner's. We may add to the above that the sole descendant of the beautiful Aïssa, who was asked in marriage by the Prince de Conti, earns a pitiful living at Chalotte.

TAR AND FEATHERS.—So early as the reign of Charles the Sixth, of France, (the time of our Henry the Fourth,) the French king (Charles) gave a masquerade, in which himself and five courtiers disguised their persons to imitate satyrs, by covering their naked bodies with close linen habits, which habits were then to be besmeared with resin, on which down was stuck all over. One of the company, in a frolic, touched one of these satyrs with a lighted torch as they were dancing in a ring; the consequence was, all the six masques or satyrs were enveloped in flames instantaneously. Four of the six died immediately, and the king never recovered the fright and disorder occasioned by the accident.

REST AND LABOR.—I might perhaps claim the benefit of rest after so long a life of labor; but the real truth is—and I venture to utter it in the presence of many younger friends, as it imparts a useful practical lesson—as expressed by the great Christian poet, Cowper—

"A want of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

—Lord Brougham at Edinburgh.

"I say, John, where did you get that reggie's hat?" "Please your honor," said John, "it's an old one of yours that mislaid gave me yesterday."

THE BIRD OF THE TOLLING BELL.—Among the highest woods and deepest glens of Brazil a sound is sometimes heard, so singular that the noise seems quite unnatural; it is like the distant and solemn tolling of a church bell struck at intervals. This extraordinary noise proceeds from the arawaca, or campanela. The bird sits at the top of the highest trees in the deepest forests, and though constantly heard in the most deserted places, it is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive anything of more solitary character than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost supernatural sound of this invisible bird, coming from the air and seeming to follow you wheresoever you go. The arawaca is white, with a circle of red round its eyes; its size is about that of a small pigeon.

Agricultural.

HORSES NEED AIR AND LIGHT.

If anything can be done to aid to the comfort and health of the horse, no animal deserves more to have such an effort made. Our stables should be constructed with special reference to his comfort and health, and to these all other accessories must yield.

Our fathers' and grandfathers' barns were of the wide, old fashioned sort, with all manner of loop holes and air holes—between the vertical boarding you could put your whole hand. They were originally tight, but when well seasoned, there was light without windows, and the pure air circulated freely; there was perfect ventilation, and yet talk with those men about the necessity of ventilating a stable, and they are ready to prove that they have kept horses all their lives, who did well, worked well, were always in fine health and spirits, and that a ventilator is only a fancy idea—one of the new-fangled notions of the present generation.

Our stables have been improved in architectural beauty, and in more permanent form of construction; they are pleasing to the eye, tight, proof against the wind and weather, and with solid walls of brick and stone, all of which the poor horse would gladly exchange for the pure, fresh air, of which he is now deprived.

In providing for the necessities of a horse, it would be well to ask ourselves, how we should like to be placed in the same situation. If it is healthy for a man to live day and night in a close, damp cellar or underground apartment, then it is healthy for a horse. If it is healthy for a man to live on the lower floor, in an unventilated apartment, with a manure and root cellar beneath him, whose pestiferous miasmas are penetrating every crack, mingling with the foul air he breathes, and rising still higher, permeating the food he consumes, then it is healthy for a horse. But why argue against barn cellars and ill ventilated apartments—the proof is abundant to all who want it, and that he cannot be convinced, must come to wonder why his horses have diseases of the skin, the lungs, the eye, etc., or the glanders, the greases, the scroaches, and other diseases that are directly traceable to the impure atmosphere, in which he compels them to stand and breathe.

We would, therefore, in the construction of a stable, endeavor to provide against these evils. Build root cellars and other cellars entirely distinct from the barn—at least not directly under the horse stalls; let there be a free circulation of air under the floor, and particularly so through the stable apartments. Ventilate the horse stable through the roof, and entirely independent of the other portions of the barn; let the connection between the horse stable and hay mow be closed tight, except when hay is being delivered. Ventilate the carriage house through the hay mow and roof.

Let your horses' heads be toward the side or end of the barn, and provide the head of each stall with a fair sized window: a horse wants, under all circumstances, whether tired, sick, or well, plenty of light. When there is light and plenty of fresh air, it is a common practice to turn the stalls the other way, and keep the horse somewhat in the dark. A good horseman knows that a horse enjoys light and air as much as he does himself, and he will thrive better in the coldest winter on the lee side of a hay stack, than he will in a badly ventilated barn, however comfortable it may be otherwise. It is stated that, if the gases exhaled from a horse's body were confined around him by a gas-tight bag, they would cause his death in twenty-four hours, allowing him at the same time to have his head out and to breathe pure air.

If you want satin-colored horses, in fine

health and spirits, ready at all times to work or to drive, a thorough system of ventilation will be one very important step toward it.

A manure shed should be built outside the stable, and sufficient only to afford protection from wind and rain, with a door connecting with the barn, and running to floor of stable, which should only be open when the stable is being cleaned. The exhalations of the manure heap are then not permitted to return to the stable—nor should any of the gases generated in the stable, be allowed to pass into the carriage room or hay mow.

As a matter of economy, it is just as cheap to build a stable calculated to give a horse the greatest amount of comfort, as to build it in any other way. Cellars are handy arrangements, and in the first cost it may be cheaper to put them under the barn, but a few years' experience will show the heaviest balance on the debit side.—American Agriculturist.

AN PARAGRAPHS.—For a permanent asparagus bed, choose a warm, rich mold, or sandy loam. Dig out the ground to the depth of near three feet. Cover the bottom to six inches deep with chip dirt, sawdust, or decayed wood; then, the same depth of the best stable manure; and then fill to about the previous level with a mixture of the soil removed and compost or old manure, equal parts. Set in the roots, 8 to 12 inches apart, both ways; sow over the surface, a half bushel of salt and ashes, not leached, equal parts, to a hundred square feet; and spread over the whole two or three inches of the richest loam. The asparagus, a marine plant, will be benefited by a like contribution of salt and alkali over the surface, with each successive spring. Keep clear of weeds, and fork in manure every spring. Cut none the first year, and but little the second, in order to give the plants time to root well and gain vigor. After that, such a bed, of the size above mentioned, will yearly supply a family of from six to twelve persons, with abundance of this delicious and wholesome vegetable, from early in April to near July. Plants growing thriftily, as they will under this treatment, ought to send up shoots about eight inches high before cutting; then use only the tender green part. If cut when shorter, it will be at a great loss of what the bed is capable of producing. Asparagus thus treated, yields much more than a like patch of peas or beans.

IRRIGATION.—I would advise all your readers to "wash" their low lands where there is a chance. A neighbor of mine has turned a brook on a rocky defile, and now he cuts several tons of hay from on top of where those large rocks lay. In the spring of the year many loads of valuable manure and fertilizing matter are washed off of our land because we don't dam and throw the water where we should. The amount of fertilizing matter annually washed away by small brooks is immense. We can save much of this matter by a system of dams and ditches so as gradually to let the water off, leaving the debris on the surface and in the pool holes.

J. T. H.

COAL TARI FOR WALKS.—Spreading half an inch to an inch thick of coal tar upon the surface of a gravel walk, then covering with sufficient fine sifted gravel to prevent the tar sticking to the feet, will soon form a hard, dry walk, and free from any growth of grass or weeds.

WORTH KNOWING.—As "fly time" is nearly upon us, we may remind our readers that it is said, that if three or four onions are boiled in a pint of water, and the liquid is brushed over glasses or frames, the flies will not light on the articles washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

A VALUABLE PAINT.—For the information of all who are wishing to obtain a cheap and valuable paint for buildings, I would say, take common clay, (the same that our common bricks are made of,) dry, pulverize, and run it through a sieve, and mix with linseed oil. You then have a first rate fire-proof paint, of a delicate drab color. Put on as thick as practicable. If any one has doubts with regard to the above, just try it on a small scale—paint a shingle and let it dry. Recollect that it must be mixed thicker than common paints.

The clay, when first dug, will soon dry, spread it in the air under a shelter, or, if wanted immediately, it may be dried in a kettle over a fire. When dry, it will be in lumps, and can be pulverized by placing an iron kettle a few inches in the ground, containing the clay, and pounding it with the end of a billet of hard wood, three inches in diameter, three feet long, the lower end to be a little rounded. Then sift it.

Any clay will make paint, but the colors may differ, which can easily be ascertained by trying them on a small scale as above indicated. By burning the clay slightly, you will get a light red, and the greater the heat you subject it to, the brighter or deeper red.—Country Gentleman.

CHEAP NUTRIMENT.—Take six pounds of refined sugar, four ounces of tartaric acid, and four quarts of water; when warm, add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. Be careful not to let it come to a boil. When cool, strain it, and add a tea-spoonful of essence of lemon to flavor. Directions for use: Take two table-spoonfuls of the above syrup to a glass filled two-thirds full of water, and add a very small quantity of carbonate of soda, and stir it until it effervesces. Drink immediately.

The same syrup in a porcelain kettle.

COLEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.—An Indian being at an Englishman's table at Sarat, expressed his surprise, by loud exclamations, on seeing a vast quantity of froth come out of a bottle of porter as soon as the cork was drawn. Being asked what surprised him, he replied—

"I don't wonder at all the froth that comes out of the bottle; but how the deuce did you ever contrive to squeeze it all in?"

An eminent testoteller would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 14, 22, 28, 5, 23, is what many persons are striving for.

My 6, 17, 14, 3, 28, 27, 4, 4, 25, 19, 20, was a noted pioneer of the West.

My 18, 23, 13, 11, 12, 11, 6, 23, 17, 20, 5, is the oldest town in the United States.

My 27, 5, 4, 23, 23, 21, 27, 28, is frequently called the dark and bloody ground.

My 25, 5, 21, 23, 14, 18, 5, 13, was a celebrated Shawnee chief.

My 14, 2, 12, 13, 14, 14, 5, 16, was a religious impostor.

My 7, 8, 10, 24, 5, 6, 9, 2, 21, 27, is near the Blue Lick Mountains in Kentucky.

My 15, 15, 9, 10, 28, 1, 11, 9, 9, was an unpopular Vice President of the United States.

My whole is the name and location of a place of note in the early history of Kentucky.

THOS. HOUSTON BALLARD.

Blue Lick, Madison Co., Ky.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 3, 2, 4, 25, 4, 18, 8, is a county of Indiana.

My 8, 15, 23, 23, 7, is a river in South America.

My 16, 15, 31, 10, is one of the Falkland islands.

My 13, 15, 23, 3, 12, 20, 6, is one of the United States.

My 19, 25, 15, 3, 12, 8, 6, is a county in Iowa.

My 8, 2, 10, 28, 30, is a town in Brazil.

My 6, 29, 5, 21, 8, 18, 14, 9, is one of the United States.

My 23, 13, 25, 28, 3, is a mountain in South America.

My 17, 5, 2, 13, 15, is a lake in British America.

My 27, 23, 4, 12, is a cape on the coast of South America.

My 8, 15, 11, 1, 22, 13, 15, 28, is a city in the Eastern States.

My 5, 18, 11, 13, 30, 29, is a city in Massachusetts.

My whole has been extensively distributed by one of the most influential newspapers in the United States.</